

FEBRUARY 13, 1956

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

IN THIS ISSUE
COMPLETE CORTINA RESULTS



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

A MOTION PICTURE and stage show called *Key to the Future* is a spectacular part of the 1966 Motorama, which I had a chance to see (along with 275,000 other interested visitors) while it was in New York two weeks ago. The show projects automobiling into 1976 and serves both as a background for General Motors' latest products and as a spotlight for five experimental dream cars, forerunners of what may come.

Horseplayers, Dodge fans, SI's Herman Hickman and even General Motors know that forecasting the future is an uncertain occupation. But it will remain a fascinating one as long as people can dream of a three-way parlay, a stadium with a translucent dome, an undefined season or an automobile in which the driver can take his hands and mind off the wheel while a control tower automatically guides it down the highway.

Judging from the imaginative, 16-cylinder dreaming that the world's largest corporation has focused on a horizon 20

years away, many things besides automobiles will be delightfully different in 1976. But still on the scene, more than ever, is sport. For sport is the theme of the show. It ends in a whirling ballet of golfers, fencers, gymnasts and tennis, baseball and basketball players.

The dream cars themselves are unmistakable descendants of today's sports cars (as our EVENTS AND DISCOVERIES pointed out in the Jan. 30 issue); and their lovely attendants wear spectator sports clothes especially designed to harmonize with the styling of the cars.

Afterwards, when I asked an official how General Motors happened to choose sport as Motorama's theme, he said, "It came naturally. Here we are looking at the world 20 years from now. One thing we're sure of is that people will have more time than ever for their own pursuits. So another sure thing is that people will be spending more time than ever on sport."

With this happy forecast SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, it goes without saying, agrees most enthusiastically.



MOTORAMA STAGE SHOW KEYS FUTURE TO SPORTS

Henry Phillips



COVER: RELAY RUNNERS

Photograph by Hy Perkin

The lifeblood of indoor track is the relay runner, the nearly anonymous athlete who competes for the glory of his team and for sheer fun. One such valued but unsung track man is Charles (Chick) Maute of Seton Hall, shown here leading the field around the first jam-packed turn of a one-mile relay at last year's NYAC meet. For more color shots of indoor track, turn to page 15.

Acknowledgments on page 65

An SI Special

20 THE LESSONS OF CORTINA—AND THE BEAU OF CORTINA

The Russians won, and their victory is recorded and interpreted in a major story by ANDRÉ LAGUERRE. The Winter Games also had their triumphant individual hero—a ducking Austrian skier who may go down to history as the *L'Al Abner* of the Tyrol. WILLIAM ROSEGLORIE tells the story of Toni Sailer.

15 SPECTACLE: INDOOR TRACK AT THE GARDEN

The peak of the indoor season is now. HY PERKIN's photographs IN COLOR catch the grace and excitement of a New York Athletic Club meet in Madison Square Garden.

29 JDE YANCEY AND THE PIONEERS

The unpaid coach of an athlete club without a clubhouse, gym or sports field, this well-known, idealistic man has made the New York Pioneer Club world-famous in track and field. JAMES POLING tells his story.

39 CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: DICK IRVIN

Looking down a million miles of traveling and 30 years, a grand old man of hockey talks to WHITNEY TOWERS about the sport to which he has been dedicated since boyhood. It is a warm and bitter game, he says, but a wonderful one. With a full-page portrait IN COLOR by ARCHIE LIEBERMAN.

46 NEVADA'S WINTER GAMBLER

Only 80 miles from the click of dice and roulette wheels, snow-bunnies and experts mix in the fun and competition of the University of Nevada's Winter Carnival. It's an idea that's spreading in the West, and with good reason—as these four pages IN COLOR by FRED LYON clearly show.

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52 **Show Dogs:** ALICE HIGGINS previews the Westminster, the climax of the dog fancier's season.

54 **Basketball:** ROY TERRELL pays tribute to the astonishing records of the little men and rounds up the week's highlights across the nation.

56 **Bowling:** VICTOR KALMAN discusses bowling's occupational ailments in general and the Budweiser's injury-ridden heroes in particular.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE MESS IN (THE STATE OF) WASHINGTON

Football pride runs high in the Great Northwest, and Huskies supporters, echng for a winner, now find themselves involved in the year's noisiest pigskin uproar. An illuminating SI report on the firing of Coach Johnny Chaberg.

THE BIRDS OF THE EVERGLADES

John O'Reilly takes you into one of America's richest bird sanctuaries, David Goodnow shows you its prize species in eight pages of color and Horace Sutton rounds up the Audubon bird tours in the area.

PLUS: THE FIRST HAPPY KNOLL STORY OF THE 1956 SEASON, WITH PORTRAITS OF SOME FAVORITE CHARACTERS BY JOE KAUFMAN

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...

RECORD BREAKERS

Charles Vinci, chunky, 122½-pound weight lifter, hoisted 290 pounds overhead in two-hand clean and jerk for new world's bantamweight standard in Ohio AAU tournament at Dayton (Jan. 29). Old mark: 256 pounds.

Ohio State quartet—Yoshi Oyakawa (backstroke), Van Leer Hoffman (breaststroke), Al Wiggins (butterfly) and Jim Kimmel (freestyle)—eclipsed world record for 200-yard medley relay with 1:42.2 clocking in special attempt at Ohio State Natatorium (Feb. 3). Old standard: 1:47.6, but Iowa State turned in 1:44.8 recently.

Alie Voorbij, 15-year-old Dutch schoolgirl, claimed world mark of 1:11.9 for 100-meter butterfly at Velsen, Holland, beating her old standard by more than a second (Feb. 5).

Charles Krepp, University of North Carolina swimmer, bettered NCAA and American records for 200-yard individual medley with 2:09.2 clocking at Chapel Hill, N.C. (Feb. 4).

George Snyder, compact Villanova sprinter, became 11th man to run 60 yards indoors in 6.1, tied world record in dash heat at New York's Millrose Games.

OLYMPICS

Russia displayed vaunted strength to dominate Winter Olympics, but individual standout was Austria's triple gold-medal



Deb Copenhaver, 1953's world champion saddle bronc rider, was named Best Athlete of Year by northwestern sportswriters. Said Deb: "A man never gets to the point where he don't like to get on a good bucking horse."



Maureen (Little Mo) Connolly announced end of her year-and-a-half retirement and her decision to turn pro. She will tour the U.S., conducting tennis clinics, playing exhibitions and, incidentally, encouraging younger U.S. players.

winner, Alpine Skier Toni Sailer. [See page 21 and Olympic Scoreboard, page 27.]

TRACK AND FIELD

David Sime, picture-running Duke sophomore, showed he could come off blocks fast, too, won Millrose Games 60-yard dash going away, from veteran field in 6.2 at New York. Among other winners: North Carolina College's Lee Calhoun in 60-yard hurdles (7.3), Villanova's Charley Jenkins in 600-yard run (1:11.2) and Ron Delany in mile (4:09.5). Bob Richards in pole vault (15 feet 4 inches) and Ernie Shelton and Bob Barlockdale in high jump (6 feet 8½ inches).

BOXING

Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, "up-from-the-sticker-bushes" heavyweight from Far Rockaway, N.Y., slapped, pawed and cuffed bemused Bob Baker about Madison Square Garden ring with splendid energies, won majority decision in televised 10-rounder.

Class Andrade, Compton, Calif. insurance broker, used persistent jab to gain split decision over three-time Lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter in 10-round bout at Chicago.

Don Jordan, scored curious 5-round TKO over former Lightweight Champion Paddy DeMarco in Los Angeles. Ahead on points, DeMarco was dropped to his knees with sweeping right in fifth, got up and trotted toward corner, his jaw broken in two places,

MILEPOSTS

DIED—George (Buck) Weaver, 64, Chicago White Sox third baseman (1912-20), banned from baseball after disclosure of Black Sox scandal of 1919 World Series; of heart attack, at Chicago. Weaver always maintained innocence (he hit .324 and fielded flawlessly in the Series) but was denied reinstatement because of his admission he knew about fix attempts but had not reported them.

DIED—T. Truxton Hare, 77, member of Football Hall of Fame, four-time All-America guard from University of Pennsylvania (1897-1900). Olympic hammer thrower and shotputter (1900), archer and past president of United Bowmen of America; at Radnor, Pa.

with Jordan flailing at his back and head (see below) before referee stopped bout.

New York boxing commission offices were ransacked and set ablaze by vandal who abused important probe papers stored in fireproof vaults. It was third time in three years that offices had been entered.

International Boxing Guild, parent body of banned New York affiliate, "is going to move for a charter in the AFL-CIO," announced straight-faced Chicago Labor Lawyer Leo Miller.

FOCUS ON THE DEED



KEELING Paddy DeMarco gets tagged from behind by Don Jordan in Coast fight.



KEELING hopefully, hundreds of ice fishermen of all ages dot a giant circle drawn on frozen White Bear Lake in the annual fishing contest of the St. Paul Winter Carnival.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Which sells more newspapers,
the front page or the sports page?**
(Asked at the AP Managing
Editors' Convention, Broadmoor
Hotel, Colorado Springs)

ROBERT G. SHAND

**Managing editor
New York News**



"I assume you mean men readers. The first question is: What's on page one? It's page one that the reader sees on the newspaper,

so that's what gets first crack at his attention. I'll go along with surveys of men readers that show 95% preferring page one, 90% for sports."

HARVEY W. PATTON

**Managing editor
Detroit News**



"We couldn't get out a good paper without the sports page. Sports are just as much news as anything else that gets into a newspaper

and they have as strong an appeal as the headline news. We often run a good sports story on the front page and allow it to compete with the headline news of that day."

N. DWIGHT ALLISON

**Managing editor
San Antonio Light**



"The sports page. What have we got without horse racing throughout the year, and football in season? Nothing. Sure, some

people are interested in general news, but they'll glance at the front page and turn to the sports pages. You can broadcast news, but you can't broadcast a racing chart."

J. EDWARD MURRAY

**Managing editor
Los Angeles Mirror-News**



"Sports pages have more popular appeal, certainly, among men, and women readership of sports is improving. Sports pages sell more

newspapers to the average man except when front page news is hot. I'd compare the front page to the heart and the sports pages to the lungs."

GEORGE SEEBE

**Managing editor
Miami (Fla.) Herald**



"The front page is the show window, but in sports-minded Miami, our sports section is just about our best selling feature. That's

why we never hesitate to give page-one play to top sports events. With TV bringing sports to a new audience, we expect sports pages to become even more important."

MICHAEL J. OGDEN

**Managing editor
Presidence (R.I.)
Journal and Bulletin**



"The front page. If a newspaperman had to make a choice, he'd take the front page first, then sports. The front page has the basic

ingredients, the reason for publishing a newspaper. In the long run, we wouldn't sell more newspapers with sports on the front page."

PALMER HOYT

**Publisher and editor
Denver Post**



"It's hard to say. We run more sports news than most papers and thus consider sports to be more important. In my recent travels

through the country, I've seen newspapers that could improve their circulation through sports. Sports are as much a part of our life as politics and business."

RALPH C. TAYLOR

**News editor
Pueblo (Col.) Star-Journal**



"I attended the American Press Institute Managing Editors' Seminar at Columbia University, where this question came up. I'm

convinced that we must do more with sports, not just more sports, but the background and glamour of sports, as SI has done. Why should we let you fellows take the cream?"

DAN ALBRECHT



Managing editor
Harold News
Joliet, Ill.

"On the day-to-day operation, especially in larger cities, the front page sells more. But over the long pull, a good sports section will do more to build circulation than any other part of the paper. Some of the most vivid writing to be found anywhere is being done by today's sportswriters."

PAUL S. SWENSON



Managing editor
Minneapolis Tribune

"The sports page does not sell more newspaper than page one. Nor will it until the sports pages attract women readers in large numbers. Some sports promotions have succeeded in attracting women fans. Very few sports pages have acquired the technique of attracting them."

ALAN HATHWAY



Managing editor
Newsday
Garden City, N.Y.

"It's a mistake to relegate top sports to the back pages. They're news. The sport fan's ability to recall a spectacular play on TV is insufficient to satisfy his needs. The viewing of a top play stimulates his desire to see the photographs and to read the description in a newspaper or magazine."

NEXT WEEK:

What sport not now included do you think most deserves to be added to the Olympic Games?

the fish
are the same,
but...

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RIGHT-HAND,
LEFT-HAND
"300"**

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Particularly for
chronic slicers

from JOHN THOREN, Myopia Hunt Club, S. Hamilton, Mass.

The best method I have found for teaching a golfer to hit the ball "from the inside-out" is to establish a mental picture of the top of the backswing as being just about the position in which a waiter carries a trayful of dishes. He carries the tray with his right palm up, and that is relatively the position for the right hand in the perfect golf swing.

The start of the swing is very important in getting you to the proper "waiter's position." The golfer who wants to overcome the common habit of hitting from the top or of hitting from the outside-in and -licing the shot can establish the mental picture of the waiter very easily. The swing should be started with the right elbow tucked well into the side and it should be kept as close to that position as possible during the backswing.

The waiter's position sets up a slight reverse hand-action as the club starts down. From this position the player can move into the shot and be sure of staying inside the ball (or hitting from the inside-out, as the expression goes). This also keeps a player from expending his power too soon and brings him into the hitting area in an excellent position to strike the ball accurately and forcefully.



NEXT WEEK: PALMER MAPLES ON THE TOWEL AND RIGHT ELBOW



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

RECESSIONAL AT CORTINA • THE NECTAR CURE FOR OLYMPIC NERVOUS DISORDERS • A SUMMING UP ON SIME • WINTER SPORT GLIDES ON A SOUTHERLY COURSE • LOW MORALE OF BRITISH FOXES • TENNIS TOUR

SAILER USER ALLES

LONG BEFORE the last ski jumper thumped onto the out-run in the final event at Cortina, it was obvious to anyone who cared to keep score that Russia, in her very first appearance at a Winter Olympics, had won the Games hands down. And practically everybody kept score one way or another. The system most popular in the U.S. was the highly unofficial one proudly invented by the sports editor of the Associated Press back in 1928 when American heroes were doing handsomely in both the Summer and Winter Games. By this method, which rates the first six finishers on a 10-5-4-3-2-1 scale, Russia scored 121 points at Cortina to 78½ for runner-up Austria, 66 for Finland, 62 for Sweden, 55½ for Switzerland and 54½ for the U.S.

The Swedish press used a 7-5-3-2-1-0 system which not only defeated the Soviet point total but placed Sweden in a tie for third. For the fundamentalists, of course, there was also the traditional Olympic method of counting only gold medals: Russia (7), Austria (4), Finland and Switzerland (3), Sweden, Norway and the U.S. (2).

At this point SI would like to offer a fresh scoring system. Taking gold medals and dividing them into population, tiny Finland comes out the winner, with one medal for every 1,333,333 people. Switzerland thus moves up to second with one medal for every 1,666,667. Then Austria with one for every 1,750,000. Then Sweden, one for every 3,500,000.

By this compilation Russia plummets among the also-rans with a dismal average of one medal for every \$3 million people; but the U.S. takes the undisputed booby prize—80 million people for each one of its two medals.

Then, bringing the scoring full cir-

cle and thus blundering even closer to the original Olympic ideal of ignoring countries and crediting only individuals, you finally arrive at the real winner: Toni Sailer of Austria, handsome hero of the Winter Games. Toni won three gold medals (giving him, personally, more points than most countries at Cortina) and, as any fool can plainly see (page 39), caused an absolute sensation among the female audience every time he flashed a victory smile.

PSYCHICAL TONE AT CORTINA

RUMOROUS but human little demonstrations of pinpricked national pride, incidents of sheer zaniennes—these have not been lacking in the seventh Winter Olympics.

The Canada-Italy hockey game, for instance, was distinguished by a series of extraordinary decisions by the Czech referee, all directed against the Canadians, which pinned Canada's victory

margin down to two goals. The crowd, which knew little about hockey, was delighted, and the Canadians were upset and resentful. Mechanically, the winners lined up on the ice to give their traditional rah-rah for their opponents.

Their cheer was barely audible. But that was not how the *Gazzetta dello Sport*, of Milan, saw it. Next morning the paper told its readers: "As the Italians prepared to quit the ice, the Canadians could not contain the great cry of admiration for the gallant losers which burst from their throats."

The French have led the way in Cortina incidents. They can produce great athletes, all right, but they manage to invest their sport with the spirit of chaos which characterizes their politics.

First came a blazing row in their ski team. James Couttet, their ski coach and a great champion a decade ago, dropped Jean Vuarnet from the slalom team. Vuarnet immediately accused

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Governor Averell Harriman of New York, guest at the New York baseball writers' annual dinner, unintentionally gave the audience of 1,400 its richest moment when he referred to baseball's commissioner as "my friend Ford Frick." Comedian Phil Silvers, who followed Harriman, brought down the house: "I've been a baseball fan for a long time, so long in fact that I can remember when Ford Frick was Ford Frick."

While Soviet athletes were plucking medals at Cortina, there rose rumbles of "overemphasis" back home. *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Communist youth paper, featured a letter criticizing "championomania." Quote: "Of late the steady, systematic job of training physically well-developed, strong and sturdy men and women has been replaced . . . by the training of individual champions and record holders."

Nashua and Swaps could meet again on St. Patrick's Day since both are eligible for

the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida that day. Swaps was a surprise nomination the day before the lists closed last week.

Meanwhile, horse racing fans got set to assess 1956's new group of 3-year-olds in a series of late winter races in Florida and California. Surprise of the week was the victory of a colt appropriately known as Call Me Lucky (aided by the weights) over two of the most touted 3-year-olds of all, the Florida colt Needles, who was 1955's two-year-old of the year, and the much-admired Nail, in an allowance race at Hialeah.

A Congressman with an interesting notion of how to prevent boxing champions from falling into deep tax debt is Democrat J. Vaughan Gary of Virginia. He proposes a change in the tax laws to make a boxer's purse subject to withholding deductions at source. If such a provision had been enforced, Joe Louis would not now owe the U.S. \$1,210,789 which he cannot pay.

continued from page 11

Couttet of favoritism, and the Paris press turned on the team's officials. Late one night, reported the French national sports daily *L'Equipe*, Couttet walked out into the snow to turn over in his mind the question of whether he should resign. It was so cold he decided to return to the hotel bar and turn it over there. Finally Couttet resigned, and Vuarnet was barred from further participation in the Games. "Instead of slirring, with a firm gesture,



the difference between the two men," complained *L'Equipe*, "our officials have deprived us of both. Is this not shortsighted?"

The French hobbledehrs (*les hobblehrs*) were not to be left out of the fun and Games. They were first irritated when two of their number, going upstairs to bed, found that their rooms at the Hotel de la Poste had been taken away and given to two officials just arrived from Paris. One was told he could sleep in a bathroom and the other that he would be given a camp bed in the corridor. "Is this wise?" asked a special correspondent of *L'Equipe*. "Should not the athlete come first?"

André Rohin, star of *les hobblehrs*, hit back promptly. After two descents, he announced that "for reasons of security" he would not go down the run any more. He lacked faith in his hob.

This time authority was swift to react. At noon, a letter from the French Olympic Committee was handed Robin. The letter curtly requested him to surrender his Olympic credentials and warned him that his hotel bill would no longer be taken care of. In fact he would have to start on that day by paying for his own lunch.

This, naturally, provoked great indignation. The Hotel de la Poste has the best of a poor lot of restaurants in Cortina. It was after midnight, and the luncheon hour could thus be held to have begun. Surely Robin, who had already twice risked his life for France, deserved better than this shabby treatment? Could he not at least be kept on an expense account until dinner? Three more *hobblehrs* promptly resigned.

Later that day negotiations were renewed. "They were pursued," reports *L'Equipe*, "until late in the night. As a result, Robin will resume his sledging,

and the incident is considered not to have taken place."

Finally, a belated effort was made to screen from the public gaze these manifestations of French passion for individualism. "A meeting of all officials, trainers and athletes has been held," gravely announced Urbain Cazaux, president of the French Ski Federation. Out of respect for the memory of Baron Coubertin, French founder of the modern Olympics, "it has been decided that all will remain henceforth silently at their posts until the end of the Games, after which the interested parties have reserved the right to make known their respective points of view."

The silence at the bar of the Hotel de la Poste continued to be deafening.

Bobbehrs, of course, are usually men who live hard. After the perils of their early-morning runs, it is not unusual to find these athletes regaining their composure in pleasant female companionship or over a bottle of nerve restorative. So much so, it seems, that rumors reached London about the "orgies" in which the British sledgers were said to indulge. This drew indignant protest from Keith Schellenberg, captain of Britain's hob team, which the *Daily Express* reproduced:

"A disgusting whispering campaign in Cortina suggests that members of our hobblehigh team are out on the razzle night after night. . . . Let me say for a start that anyone who takes notice of such rumors is a complete clot. . . . I see nothing wrong with these boys enjoying their own sort of relaxation. . . .

"Some people are beefing that they are letting Britain down. What rot! And all because Stuart Parkinson and Chris Williams went to a hotel party to meet Sophia Loren.

"Our team is necessarily made up of

tough, beefy fellows, with a touch of devil-may-care. . . . But the slanderous whispers about suggested drunken orgies are . . . complete fantasy."

Not that a moderate intake of alcohol at this altitude does harm. That is, if credit can be given to Italy's official Olympic bulletin, which carried the following ad in English for Sengarn's:

"To drink alcohol in a moderate quantity, when we are on the mountains, is much advisable mainly because of its corroborating and tonic action.

"Even Professor A. Herlitz, the well-known physiologist of our time,



shares this opinion and . . . wrote, 'It is no sin, when we are on the mountains, to raise up our psychical tone by drinking a few sips of alcoholic beverages. . . . When we drink alcohol our organism becomes more resistant to cold weather because of the increased flow of blood into the peripheral vessels of the derm.'

"What shall we drink when we are on the mountains? Without any doubt, Canadian whisky. . . . Canadian fur hunters have chosen it as well as the renowned Canadian frontier guardsmen during the long winter marches through snow and glaciers. . . .

"[It] is a need when you are on the mountains, a need for the spirit and for the organism. It is not intoxicating. . . . Even diluted with soda water it keeps entirely its corroborating properties."

THE MILLROSE 60

OLYMPIC-MINDED Americans who have been appalled by the Soviet successes in the snows of Cortina might well turn their eyes to the rindlers of Melbourne and hope. For while American chances of doing well in Olympic track and field at distances above 800 meters are dismal, as usual, American strength in the events the U.S. traditionally dominates seems to be just as strong as ever.

For example, in Half-mile Arnold Sowell, Quarter-mile Charley Jenkins and Sprinter David Sime, the U.S. has three young men who must be—right now, anyway—prime Olympic favorites. Evidence that Sowell and Jenkins are as good or better than anyone in the world at their specialties has been coming in for some time. But Sime is a new name, one that sprang to sudden prominence two weeks ago when he



SHOTPUTTER

A hush-hush fellow,
I would say,
Seedling guided wisely
On their way.

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

spread-eagled the field in the sprint series at the Washington Star indoor meet (SI, Jan. 30).

However, one rose does not a summer make, nor one good night in Washington an Olympic favorite. "Do it again," was the challenge to young David Sime.

Well, to Madison Square Garden in New York City last Saturday night came young David Sime to do it again, this time in the over-before-it-starts 60-yard dash at the Millrose Games. There were grave doubts that the tall, muscular Sime could get started quickly enough to catch the other sprinters in the short 60, and indeed whether he was good enough to catch them, for his opponents—possibly the finest sprint field in indoor track history—included the 1932 Olympic 100-meter champion, the 1932 Olympic 200-meter champion, the 1933 and 1934 National Collegiate 100-yard champion, and the 1935 Pan-American Games 100- and 200-meter champion. Yet, when the fury of the elimination trials had settled, none of these superb sprinters had survived to the final. Sime did.

In the final he reacted beautifully to the starter's gun and got off splendidly, chest and chest with bullet-starting George Sydnor, who had tied the indoor world record in his trial heat and who had beaten Sime in one of the two semifinals. That was the race. Sydnor hung on for 40 of the 60 yards, but then Sime surged ahead to win. He held off fast-finishing John Haines and gained acclaim as the outstanding performer of the 49th annual Millrose Games.

Later, the point was raised that perhaps the veteran sprinters had their eyes on Olympic trials in June and Olympic finals in November and might not yet be in peak condition. This may well be so, but as anyone who saw the Millrose 60 can tell you, neither peak condition nor a rocket engine is any guarantee that anyone anywhere is going to beat Dave Sime.

HOCKEY IN DIXIE

IN THE SOUTH, where ice is for juleps, promoters from time to time make a desperate effort to introduce the game of hockey. The effort never has succeeded for long, but, on the other hand, it seldom has taken off from a more auspicious launching platform than Charlotte, North Carolina provided a few nights back when the Baltimore Clippers of the Eastern League, orphaned by an arena fire,

took shelter there. The homeless Clippers were invited to show their game by an impromptu promotional group calling itself the Charlotte Horkey Club (two businessmen, a dentist and an undertaker). A few nights later history was made as Baltimore rattled sticks against New Haven in the first league hockey match ever played in North Carolina. All reserved seats were sold by afternoon and that night a capacity crowd of 10,101 (thousands were turned away) paid its way into Charlotte's spacious new coliseum, not too sure of what it was going to see but determined to be excited about it. Said a waitress, hustling through her evening chores:

"Sure, I'm going. Isn't everyone? But say, how do they play hockey ball? With a horse?"

And a salesman with an authoritative ring to his voice said: "The game will be played on foot tonight. The building isn't big enough to get in all the ponies."

(Well, that isn't so crazy as people in Detroit might think. In fact, polo was once defined by none other than A. E. Boswick, the encyclopedist, as "the game of hockey played on horses or roller skates.")

The Baltimore Club, which Charlotte had happily adopted as its own, was trounced 6-2 by league-leading New Haven but when Mike Disbets scored for the Clippers the crowd almost tore the roof off the world's biggest dome (a coliseum boast).

A few nights later, despite fog and

rain, 6,974 paid to see the Clippers against the Johnstown Jets but then word came that the Charlotte airport was weathered in and the Jet players were down at Columbia, South Carolina, 100 miles away. The Jets, it was explained, were traveling the rest of the way by bus and the game might be delayed several hours.

"Shall we call it off?" Promoter Herman Moore asked.

"No!" the crowd roared back and 4,500 sat patiently, heartened from time to time by progress reports from the bus. At 10:49 the puck was dropped and the Clippers made it all worth while by winning 5-4 in an overtime period. The game ended at 1:32 a.m.

"And they say Montreal is crazy about hockey," mused Clipper Coach Andy Brown.

HOW BEASTLY CAN YOU GET?

A FEW YEARS AGO it was quite likely that there were more rabbits in England than Englishmen. Something had to be done, old boy, and when a rabbit-killing disease known as myxomatosis jumped the Channel and spread like the common cold, it was generally considered a jolly good thing. In no time at all, an Englishman could go for days without meeting a rabbit and the new state of affairs was not only good for the Englishman's morale, but for his pocket-book as well. The Minister of Agriculture estimated that the farmer alone

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had profited to the tune of £15 million in the form of better crops.

It was not until the hunt season got under way that anybody noticed that myxomatosis had had a horrible side effect. Not on people, but almost worse than that: on the British fox. Deprived of rabbits to chase and eat, the fox had turned into a downright bouncer. He had taken to a diet of field mice, beetles and kale, that sort of thing, and had even been observed raiding trash bins



and garbage pails. A Gloucestershire fox hunter reported: "I've been following the hounds for some 40 years. This week for the first time I followed a fox down to that oil refinery by the river where the fox apparently had been scavenging. It was beastly riding down that way."

Other hunters confirmed the horror. Said Colonel Lionel Dawson of Dorset: "The fox's present diet is not good for his training. He has lost his stamina and doesn't go for the long point [a single straight run]." Major Robert Peel, master of the Dorset South Hunt declared: "It is all those empty rabbit holes. Foxes like peace and quiet and duck in when they can. They are lying to ground more frequently because there are so many empty holes."

Hunters throughout England shuddered to think of what a rabbitless future might hold for them. One was not afraid to spell out the worst that might happen: "This could change the character of the sport. We would have to breed a different sort of hound, perhaps like the Americans who use small hounds good for poking into bushes, but not good for the long run. It would be a weaker breed."

A Warwickshire hunter charged flatly that "myxomatosis has upset the balance of nature." That may be what it boils down to. Maybe nature didn't intend that there should be more Englishmen than rabbits.

TENNIS LESSONS

THERE is a difference, Tony Trabert will tell you, between being the best amateur tennis player in the world and the second-best professional. The big difference? Well, for one thing, you're not even competing in the same sport.

After eight weeks on Jack Kramer's pro tour, bouncing across the country in a station wagon caravan to play one-night stands from Cincinnati to Salt Lake City, eating on the fly, sleeping when and where he gets around to it and, in between, facing the best tennis player in the world every night, Trabert has even evolved a theory: "Amateur tennis," says last year's Wimbledon and Forest Hills champion, "at least most of the time, was fun. It was a sport. Professional tennis is a job."

Trabert has no kicks about the paycheck and he's not sorry he turned pro; he has even become reconciled to the hectic schedule, "although anyone would be crazy to say he likes it." The one thing that bothers him is the result of the tour: Pancho Gonzales 23 matches, Tony Trabert 7 at week's end. "I can beat him," Tony says. "I've just got to play a little better."

Some other impressions of Rookie Trabert:

About Gonzales: "Sure he's tough; a great competitor, the best I've ever played. He hits the ball hard, he's like a big cat and you never get anything past him unless it's perfect. And that serve—you just can't do anything with it."

About his own game: "I'm playing better than I ever have and I'm in the best condition of my life—even with

all this crazy traveling. I have to be or I'd never last it out. You never run into anything like this as an amateur; there were always some matches that were easy and even in the tough ones there were times you could relax—even against guys like Hoad and Rosewall. But you don't ease up against Pancho or you get murdered. His serve is the big problem. It isn't enough just to get it back because then he'll put the next shot away. You have to get it back with something on it, and to do that you have to press; then you make mistakes. But if you don't press, you lose anyway. So . . ."

About the eventual outcome of the tour: "Well, I'm not giving up if that's what you mean. Most of the matches have been close, win or lose. I'm learning all the time and I think I can beat him. We've still got a long way to go."

About the feud: "There's nothing to it; the whole thing has been garbled in the papers. Heck no, we're not going around with our arms around each other—this is a highly competitive business and he thinks he's the best tennis player in the world and I think I am and we're both out to prove it. But no one is taking a punch at anyone else. It's just that you don't get buddy-buddy with a guy who's out there every night trying to beat your brains out on the court."

Tennis lessons, anyone?

SPECTACLE

PEAK OF THE SEASON

These are the most significant weeks of the indoor track year: the time when the great competitors assume command

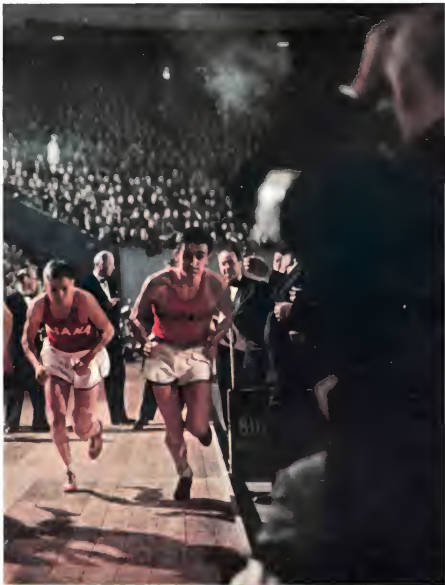
The runners and jumpers flocked from Boston to Philadelphia and Washington and then back to Boston again, flexing their muscles and showing their teeth. But now—last Saturday, this Saturday and the next three Saturdays—the competition is in New York, in storied Madison Square Garden; and there, like it or not, is where the last heroes of the indoor track season are created. The Millrose Games last weekend, for example, proved the legitimacy of Sprinter David Sims's bid for fame. And the New York Athletic Club games this weekend may see Pole Vaulter Bob Richards (opposite, winning last year's NYAC vault) at long last lift himself higher than the nonpareil Cornelius Warmerdam's 13-year-old world record. That would be a treasured feather in the NYAC cap and a fitting one, since the idea of indoor track-and-field competition originated with the NYAC 87 years ago last November. For an account of another outstanding, though strikingly different, athletic club, turn to page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILY PESHIN





BLUE SMOKE HAZE AND WHITE PUFF OF GUN STARTING 1955 BAXTER MILE ACCENT JUMBLED



EXCITEMENT OF INDOOR TRACK. FRED DWYER (IN WHITE) BEAT SANTEE AND NIELSEN HOME



TEAM TO BEAT: THE PIONEERS!

In 20 years an idealistic ex-mortician
fashioned the East's best track team

by JAMES POLING

On almost any Saturday night of the indoor track season in Madison Square Garden, amidst the clatter and din and incredible confusion on the floor, a quiet, slightly rounded but powerfully built Negro gentleman gathers a small army of coaches and athletes around him and repairs to his station on the southwest corner of the sharply banked Garden track. The man is Joe Yancey, co-founder and unpaid coach of the New York Pioneer Club which, although only now approaching its 20th year, is already the most powerful independent track organization in the East.

Yancey and the Pioneers have occupied their splinter of real estate so steadily in the years since the war that among track followers the turn has come to be known as Pioneer Corner. From here Yancey guided his team to the 1955 National AAU Indoor Track and Field Championships and hopes to repeat the victory next week. There are many factors in the Pioneers' successes, but not the least of them is their corner. Many members of the team insist that at Pioneer Corner, which is just about 50 yards above where most races finish, more Pioneer Club victories are won than at the finish line.

Roscoe Browne, one of the club's great runners, recalls the 1,000-yard championship race of 1951. Browne had won the 1,000-yard national indoor title the year before but going into the race this night he was still looking for his first win of the season and on top of that he had an infected foot.

"The first time around," Browne recalled recently, "I was fifth going past Pioneer Corner. All the guys were there, yelling for me and I could hear Joe yell, 'Lift it, Roscoe, lift it.' This annoyed me. I felt he was picking on me when I wasn't in condition. But he'd told me to lift it, so I did. The second time around, Joe was standing alone at the edge of the track, just grinning at me. So I grinned back, on the fifth lap took the lead and went on to win. Joe, of course, knew my condition even better than I did. As a coach, he hasn't an equal at gauging a man's potential and getting all that's to be got out of him.

"But something else was involved, too, something intangible. It's got to do with being a Pioneer. Even men who aren't Pioneers know what I'm talking about. After that race Ingvar Bengtsson, the Swedish champ who'd finished second, came up and said, 'How could you possibly



COACH YANCEY AND SQUAD AFTER PRACTICE IN NEW YORK ARMORY

lose? When we went past Pioneer Corner I felt a little bit of it, too.'"

It isn't surprising that a Swedish runner should know about Pioneer Corner, since the Pioneer Club is very probably better known abroad than it is in this country. Today, PC men on European junkets carry extra PC track shirts with them. They have found that at the traditional shirt exchange which follows an international race they are most frequently asked for their PC shirts, even though they may be racing under AAU or Olympic auspices.

Being a Pioneer is as much a state of mind as anything else. Physically, the club is nonexistent. It owns no clubhouse or clubhouse track on which to practice and it is perennially bankrupt, since its only established source of revenue is the \$5 annual dues its members pay—when they can afford it. The only property the club possesses is the hundreds of trophies it has won, now stored in Joe Yancey's apartment. And the club's staff is composed exclusively of unpaid volunteers, including a subway change-booth attendant, the chief auditor of a large industrial firm and his wife, a policeman, two public school teachers, a business management expert and a collection officer in the Internal Revenue department.

The PC resolutely refuses to proselytize any athlete, be he a champion high jumper or a sub-novice half-miler. To join the PC, which is interracial—its mixed roster includes Jewish, Protestant, Negro, Catholic and Moslem athletes—you have to "ask in." After you are accepted you are then granted the privilege of training in public parks and armories, traveling by bus or overcrowded private car, buying your own track shoes and sweat suit and sometimes even paying your own entry fee to a meet. Even so, more than 250 competing and 300 inactive members today boast of their PC membership.

Wesley Wallace, former holder of the world 300-meter record, who quit running for the New York Athletic Club to become assistant coach of the Pioneers, says, "The PC is the only athletic club I know of that thinks the human race is more important than a winning race. It was the club's concept that appealed to me."

This concept is clearly stated in the club's creed, formulated by Yancey, which states in part, "The New York

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LI'L ABNER
OF
THE TYROL





LESSONS OF CORTINA

The Russians won and, oddly enough, their dedicated discipline was paralleled by that of the principal U.S. winners — the figure skaters

by ANDRE LAGUERRE

WHEN THE OTHERS have faded, one vivid and significant memory of the seventh Winter Games will linger.

It was near midnight at the stadium. The Dolomites were dim outlines against the frosty blue sky. The flags of 32 nations hung protectively around the dancing Olympic flame, soon to be extinguished. In the stands the biggest crowd since opening day was giving a generous hand to the Soviet hockey players who, by beating Canada 2-0, had just acquired the proud title of Olympic hockey champions.

For two weeks I had watched that Soviet hockey bench, as the squad, smooth as a well-oiled, high-speed machine, glided from victory to victory. As they huddled in their blankets,

their faces, which often looked cruel to Western eyes, rarely betrayed a flicker of elation. Others could casually give colleagues a friendly smack on the rump in recognition of good play, shout encouragement from the bench or bang the boards with their sticks when a goal came along. Even when, one night from last, they had crushed the U.S. 4-0, the Russian players barely permitted themselves a half smile. But when the final victory was theirs, they went crazy.

They kissed each other, they kissed their coaches, they jumped and sang. One player had blood trickling from a cut in his head, and a colleague playfully stretched out a hand and smeared the blood over the other's face.

That demonstration testified to two things. It testified to release from a discipline, rigidly imposed from the start of the competition, unlike anything Western athletes had known. There we had, in a psychological nutshell, what we are up against in competing with the Soviet Union.

The demonstration also testified to a fierce joy, from which was lacking the gaiety which marks a Western reaction to triumph. This, Russia's seventh gold medal of the Games, tasted sweetest of all. For here was success wrested directly from the West, at a great Western sport.

The hockey success consecrated Russia's victory at the Games, which is

continued on next page

BEAU OF CORTINA

Toni Sailer (left) captivated Cortina with skiing skill that won three gold medals and reckless good looks that won every woman in sight

by WILLIAM ROSPIGLIOSI

THE OLYMPICS' only triple gold medalist, and beyond question the world's greatest skier in 1936, is a 29-year-old Austrian who combines the muscles of a champion with the sensitivity of an artist and the glamour of a movie star.

Anton (Toni) Sailer's face is known on every Alpine slope. At Cortina Sailer (rhymes with miller) is likened to Tyrone Power, but his shy, new and reticence are as striking as his good looks, and he might be more aptly called the L.F.F. Abner of the Tyrolean hills.

Among the taciturn mountain folk of Kitzbühel, his home, to whom snow is as certain an ingredient of life as earth to a farmer, he is accepted as peerless, though no such compliment would be paid to his face.

If this winner of the giant slalom, special slalom and downhill races has a secret, it is his familiarity with—and sensitivity to—snow. His victories have been made the

easier at Cortina because of the difficulties, natural and man-made. Snow has been scarce enough to make runs more dangerous than usual; moreover, by general consent, the Cortina slalom course has been the most difficult in Olympic history. The snow was icy, the gradients steep, 70 gates had been placed on the first run and no fewer than 98 on the second. Sailer won his triple crown not merely by going faster than the others. When others were falling, he knew when to go slow: not through familiarity with the courses, but by the feel of the snow through his skis.

When Sailer is asked why he won, he tends to shrug his shoulders and say, "Well, I went faster." Zeno Cola, the former Italian gold-medal skier, who has carefully watched all the ski events here, is more articulate about Sailer:

"He is gentle with the snow. He is never rough to his

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LESSONS OF CORTINA

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definite by any system of point counting (seven gold medals to Austria's four, 16 medals of all kinds to 11 for Austria).

But, though definite, it was not overwhelming in all departments.

On skates, the Russians dominated. It was a different story on skis. At long-distance skiing they merely shared top honors with the Scandinavian trio—Sweden, Finland and Norway. In the alpine skiing, dashes straight downhill or through the gates which constitute the slalom, they were never in the picture with the nations of the Alpine range, who traditionally capture most of these events. Among these, Austria led the way, thanks mainly to the miracle boy from Kitzbühel, Toni Sailer, who was the only triple gold medalist of the Games.

A special pat on the back must be reserved for little Switzerland, which picked up three gold medals. Two Swiss girls, Renée Colliard and Madeleine Berthod, outskied the Austrian women in the slalom and downhill races. Berthod, a mossy wisp of a girl who doesn't look as if she could pick up a heavy suitcase, was already moral winner of the giant slalom before she rocketed over the downhill course nearly five seconds ahead of the field. Madeleine ("I am so happy when I race, I light up inside") must now be reckoned the world's champion woman skier, replacing Andy Mead, whose ever-bubbling courage does not compensate for the fact that she now seems past her best.

Third, Switzerland's grim-faced sledder, Franz Kapsus, who injured himself so severely here in training for the 1954 world bob championships that it was thought he would never compete again, drove his country's four-man sled to victory, with a new track record in the bargain, ahead of Italy and America's Art Tyler, whose confidence in his ability to negotiate the four quick curves of the "Labyrinth" returned after the two-man event.

The U.S. recovered fairly well, although not spectacularly, from its disastrous first week. The second-place hockey medal was better than most expected, and was won largely through the tournament's biggest upset: the 4-1 defeat of Canada, first victory over Canada in a world championship by an amateur American hockey team in 23 years.

Most credit went to two players.

One was John Mayasich, 180-pound, 22-year-old center from Eveleth, Minn., the classiest member of the U.S. squad. Fast and elusive as Mercury, Mayasich three times caught the Canadians flat-footed in breakaways.

Yet there would have been no victory but for another boy from Eveleth, Willard (Ike) Ikola, the U.S. goal tender. While Johnny Mariucci, American coach, a former captain of the Black Hawks who was voted Coach of the Year after his first season at the University of Minnesota in 1952, alternately stormed, spat on the ice, kicked the bench in savage frustration or gleefully brandished a clenched fist (he could earn his living in Hollywood any time, playing the tough coach with the heart of gold) and the desperate Canadian attackers whirled like dervishes around the American cage, Ikola, with great determination and the necessary measure of luck, kept all but one shot out of the net.

CANADIANS IN THE MINES

Canada's setback brought joy to Russian hearts, although the event was curiously interpreted. In the press box one Soviet reporter told another as the final siren wailed:

"There'll be hell to pay over this in Ottawa tomorrow." (Implication: the Canadian squad would be arrested on its return by the Royal Mounted Police and deported to the uranium mines.)

But a second Russian newsman disagreed:

"No, no, the Canadians could never win." (Implication: Canada, as a satellite of the U.S., was not allowed to win.)

The victory over Canada gave the whole American delegation a great lift. It was followed by two unadulterated American triumphs of the Games, in men's and women's figure skating.

And behind these lies quite a story, upon which it may be profitable as well as amusing to ponder.

The figure-skating world is curious and unique. Its basic premises are that nine would-be Olympic champions out of 10 are hoping for professional futures. In their mind's eye they keep firmly fixed the vision of their names in lights outside Madison Square Garden or at the top of the bill at the Radio City Ice Follies. If and when the vision is fulfilled, they will gracefully glide, whirl and jump their way on skates to the big money, and to the accompaniment of suitable music. But to get the best offers, they need that

Olympic consecration. So the blue chips are really down when the figure skaters get to grips. It can be truly said that only in the figure-skating department of the American delegation did the "Russian spirit" reign. Whether or not that is wholly admirable or desirable, results show that it is the spirit that wins.

Certainly there was more bitter rivalry between American figure skaters than between other American representatives and foreign nations.

In both events, intramural competition was razor-keen. Champion Hayes Alan Jenkins had most to fear from Ronnie Robertson, the 18-year-old from Long Beach, Calif., already second to Jenkins in the 1955 world championships. In that competition Robertson had beaten Jenkins in the free skating, which is a demonstration of skating virtuosity set to music of the competitor's choice, but had lagged behind in the school figures, set patterns to be traced on the ice.

In Olympic competition, a classical view is taken of figure skating. Sixty per cent of obtainable marks are given to the school-figures display. About half of these are awarded according to the perfection of the patterns traced by the skates on the ice, and about half to the style in which they are traced. Only 40% of the marks go to the free-skating display. This means that no competitor, though he be the most dazzling and daring free skater in the world, has a chance of a gold medal unless he is marked up with the best for his school figures.

Since 1955, rumor had it, Robertson had considerably improved his school skating. In this case rumor was generously fed by his personal coach, the fiery, forthright and unsavory Gus Luzzi. Luzzi lost no opportunity of telling all and sundry that his boy was sure to win. Robertson was going to produce, for the first time on Olympic ice, a sensational jump known as the triple axel. Jenkins on ice, he implied, was little better than a lout.

There was calculation behind this campaign. Luzzi knows that the skating judges who award marks are humans, subject to prejudice. They are amateurs, volunteers, not necessarily true experts. They are also most certainly influenced by the applause of the crowd, which is invariably ignorant of the finer points. If he could get the crowd to believing that Robertson was the logical winner before the event, he was already halfway to victory.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM WHITMORE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THE RUSSIANS UNBEND

An SI photographer penetrates Soviet social curtain, finds winners relaxed and friendly



SMILING ATHLETES GOT CAKES, MEDALS FROM SPORT COMMISSAR



SKIERS PASSED UP CAKES TO FIDDLE WITH UNFAMILIAR TV SET

COACHES, COMPETITORS RELAXED IN QUIET CHAT AFTER PARTY



E. SIDOROVA, THIRD IN SLALOM, DREW WHISTLES FROM TEAMMATES



SPEED SKATERS MERGULOV AND MIKHAILOV TRIED TABLE GAME

PRETTY INTERPRETER NEARLY STOLE THE SHOW FROM ATHLETES



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Other coaches snarled back at Lussi, called him a cad. He and Robertson ate alone, in a corner of the American dining room at the Bellevue. The smoky element, always strong in an Olympic gathering, was heavily on the side of the gentlemanly Jenkins against the brash, publicity-conscious Robertson.

Even so, backbiting was not keenest among skaters and coaches. They were a mild people in comparison with the competitors' mothers.

Skating mothers are a race apart. They have brought their prodigies along, usually with a professional career in mind at the start, from the age of 6 or less. The ill-concealed glee of one skating mother at seeing another's prodigy take a pratfall on the ice can only be compared to the satisfaction of a Madame Defarge watching another head roll from the guillotine. When a triumphant skater, boy or girl, leaves the ice, it is into his mother's arms that he first falls in triumphant exhaustion.

MOTHER IN THE WINGS

This maternal intensity of purpose is usually camouflaged as something more restrained. The mothers pretend they have just come along to watch the Olympics and hold their child's windbreaker.

A refreshing exception to this rule, as a matter of fact, is Mrs. Robertson. A frank and pretty woman, she has sacrificed much for the son of whom she is proud. To help pay for his lessons she went to work eight years ago at Wele's Restaurant in Long Beach. When Ronnie shifted to Gus Lussi at Lake Placid, she took a similar post at the Mirror Lake Hotel. Says Mrs. Robertson, "Let's be honest about it. We're in it to get a top spot in a top show, to get back the thousands invested." I met no other mother who had the candor to say that.

In the school figures, Robertson seemed that Lussi's promises were not all empty. He did them excellently, but not quite as well as Hayes Alan Jenkins, who totaled 852.2 points to Robertson's 840.1. Nevertheless, the margin was small enough to encourage Robertson to think that, with a decisive win in free skating, he could hope for the gold medal.

Fifteen minutes before Robertson was due to go on the rink for his free-skating demonstration, Gus Lussi sent a message up to the press gallery to say that his boy would not do the triple

VISIONS OF VICTORY brought smiles from Ronnie Robertson and mother as the

judges flashed high scores for his free skating. Smiles later faded when Jenkins won.

axel after all, "because he is so sure to win anyhow." In fact, Robertson could have lost precious marks if he had failed to bring off this extraordinarily difficult jump.

Nevertheless, Robertson gave a great display of skating fireworks which enthused the stands, and he was extremely highly marked.

In his dressing room Champion Hayes Alan Jenkins heard the shouting and the high marks. He knew that a single mistake would cost him the title. He was tense. His coach, Edi Scholdan (the same Robertson had had when younger), told him, "Hayes, skate for sure. Stand up. No terrific risks. Get after it."

Jenkins took a final look in the mirror, straightened his bowtie, tugged at his coffee-colored jacket and made his way to the rink. It was a quarter of 5, and the sun had disappeared. The floodlights only made the ice seem colder and rougher. He was too stiff as he first moved to the music, and almost skidded in a set spin. One of the five minutes allocated him had gone before he was in complete control. Then he completed his routine, unsensationally but classically, with unparalleled ease and grace.

Hayes himself says free skating "is the ability to skate backward and forward on one edge of the blade, not in the air, in a continuous, uninterrupted flow which must be in perfect rhythm with the music." The 22-year-old economics student has well defined the causes of his Olympic triumph. In French and Italian, figure skating is called artistic skating, which is a truer definition. On this basis, Hayes Jenkins, who skates the way Fred Astaire dances, won from Robertson, who is more like a Jimmy Cagney on ice. The dynamic Ronnie did shade Jenkins in free-skating marks, but not by enough to quite catch up what he had lost over the set figures. Jenkins took the title by one judge's point, while his kid brother David placed third, to give the U.S. a clean sweep of the medals.

After the result was known, Gus Lussi, cigarette stuck aggressively in the corner of his mouth, strode into the Jenkins dressing room to offer perfunctory congratulations. "Thanks," said Hayes. "It was a tough fight," continued Lussi. "Yes, unnecessarily tough," retorted Jenkins, thinking of the gossip and publicity battle Lussi had waged to win the title. Lussi turned away and threw over his shoulder, "And it's going to keep right on being tough." Forty-eight hours later, Gus had Robertson back in training for the

forthcoming world championships.

The Boston queen, Tenley Albright, was similarly crowded by Carol Heiss, a pert blonde from Ozone Park, N.Y., who had her 16th birthday while training at Cortina. Mrs. Heiss stands in relation to Mrs. Albright as Mrs. Robertson does to Mrs. Jenkins. It is reliably reported the four mothers do say good morning to each other. As with Jenkins, the social set, which weighs heavily in the U.S. Olympic delegation, was solidly for Albright. Ted Patterson, U.S. team skating manager, another Bostonian, who is theoretically impartial about his own competitors, made no secret of his preference for Jenkins and Albright.

The leggy Tenley is a more classical skater than Carol Heiss, although some judges consider the younger girl more accomplished. Lussi passed a typical judgment: "One is a lady from Boston, the other girl's a skater."

TRAINING GRIND

Sweep away the devouring ambition from figure skating, and you uncover an important truth: these boys and girls work their hearts out. Here is the incredible training schedule followed by Carol Heiss, year in year out, Olympics or no, and she has been skating seriously since she was 6:

From mid-September to June—up at 5:15, drive from Ozone Park to the New York Skating Club rink where she works out from 6 to 11. School (a special one for kids following a professional career) from 11 to 3. Three days a week, homework from 3 to 5 at the apartment of her coach, Pierre Brunet. Then back on the ice from 5:30 to 7:45. Days when she doesn't have homework, she is on the rink through 5:30, then home with her mother to dinner (lunch, by the way, is a sandwich and a bottle of milk takes in a few minutes). Saturday she is off. Sunday is a full skating day. Nor is Carol an exceptionally hard worker.

Small wonder that, in a world where international sporting competition renews itself ever more fiercely, the figure skaters were the only triumphant Americans at the 1956 Winter Olympics. Should other American amateur athletes try as hard, or should they continue to take their sport in their present more enjoyable manner? There is probably no short, simple answer to the question. Top American Olympic officials here, in any case, prefer to answer it evasively.

When I questioned Tug Wilson, leader of the U.S. Olympic delegation at Cortina, he was unwilling to admit

that amateur U.S. athletes faced any crisis. "Certainly," he conceded, "we need to make a much bigger effort. There should be far more athletic facilities. In Russia, every factory employing over 150 people has to supply athletic facilities. Mind you, I am not questioning Russian amateurism. The Russian athletes here seem to be getting fust out of their sport, which is the simplest definition of an amateur. But we do have to find a way to make a participant out of the boy who now prefers to stay home and watch a big league ball game on TV."

Others are less inclined to pull punches. I have seen Austrian skiers laugh at Americans who finished a race completely pooped. U.S. athletes complain that the Olympics come too soon, that back home there has not been enough snow to permit full training this winter. But there is a lot which can be done in any weather to improve body conditioning without putting on skis or skates.

Bill Carow, the Madison free fighter, did better than any other American in the speed skating. Yet he was the boy they laughed at when he sat down at the piano. He only just made the team. Minutes after the squad landed in Europe, he was out practicing. He became a standing joke in the American team. When the others were finishing their second cup of morning coffee, someone would ask, "Where's Bill?" "Out on the ice," someone else would answer.

"Where does he think he's going to get, anyway?"

One of the U.S. team masseurs told me that the hockey players just didn't have the strength to keep up a hot pace through the third period. They hadn't been given enough buildup to play hockey in this class, out of doors, at this trying altitude. When the Russian hockeyman returned to the bench they were breathing easily. The Americans gasped as if it hurt. Said the masseur: "It would have been very different if they had had the leg muscles of a workhorse like Ronnie Robertson, and he's supposed to be competing in a sissy game."

Before long, the Melbourne Summer Games will be with us. Meanwhile, the 1956 Winter Olympics have become history. They provided plenty of fun and some high class sport. To the U.S., which ought to be the greatest sporting nation in the world, they blinked a warning: to stop and think, where do we go from here? **END**

TURN PAGE FOR MORE OLYMPICS

BEAU OF CORTINA

continued from page 21

skis. He has an immediate, faster-than-thought reaction to varying snow conditions. So he snatches an advantage a split second sooner than anyone else, which takes him 10 yards ahead while the others are still wondering."

The Austrian, Anderl Molterer, and the Frenchman, Adrien Duvillard, were the only two to get close to Sailer. But they fell, while Sailer, always under control, surged unfalteringly to the finish line. Says Colo:

"His every movement is controlled, not by reason, but by lightning subconscious reflex. In the language that the skis talk through the feet, to the legs and body. It is a language unknown to most men and women, but it is the whisper Sailer understands best."

Sailer himself would consider this analysis of his genius a trifle poetical. Yet he admits, "One doesn't notice one's reactions, nor how they arise. One just must have them. Skiing is really a test of subconscious reactions."

Toni's coach, Fred Rosner, and Edgar Fried, the bespectacled head of the Austrian delegation to Cortina, admit there is nothing they can teach the boy. All they can do is keep a watchful eye on his diet (he drinks wine twice a day, before and during competition, and for breakfast fancies a mixture of milk, honey and sugar, which he stirs with a spoon for a full five minutes) and ensure he has enough sleep. Says Fried:

"He trains just like the other boys. We let them work as they like. We don't want a unified style, we want each to develop his individual ability." Then he adds, with typical Kitzbühel understatement, "We are really quite pleased with Sailer."

Toni, who now weighs 174 pounds and measures exactly 6 feet, was born on November 17, 1935, and two years later at Kitzbühel had slipped his feet into a pair of skis.

He learned the rudiments at the Kitzbühel Ski Club. He has two older sisters, and one of them, Rosi, used to go skiing with Christian Pravda, one of Austria's greatest champions. Through Rosi, Pravda took an interest in Toni. Sailer made an idol of Pravda, and still does, although he is today an idol to a greater number of Europeans than Pravda ever was.

His father has a glass shop, and Toni has worked there since leaving a *Gravverschule*, a handicrafts school in Kitzbühel. But he has all the time he needs for sport in summer and winter. When he is not fashioning glass windows, he plays soccer, swims and is a local tennis star.

"I love music," he confessed, and one wondered if Wagner was his inspiration. But it turned out he likes yodeling and bebop.

"In the summer," he says, "I go to bed when I feel tired," but when the first snows come this idyllic Dogpatch life gives way to sternest training. No coach compels him, only ambition—or loyalty to Kitzbühel and Austria.

This season, training started with four hours daily, for seven days, with the Kitzbühel Club at Weisssee, some 30 miles away. This was to be followed by intensive individual training at home.

But no snow came to Kitzbühel, so it was not until the second week of December that Sailer put on skis again, this time at Cervinia in Italy, with the Austrian Olympic squad, for another four hours a day for 10 days. Then back to Kitzbühel, where there were five merciful days of snow. Still, Sailer came back to Cortina with only 88 hours of training this season behind him.

Yet when Toni stood, a bit godlike, on top of the giant slalom course at Faltoria, none of the 30,000 who had poured in from Venice, Milan, Switzerland and Austria doubted that victory would be his.

Austria's Molterer had made the fastest run so far of the day: three minutes, six and three-tenths seconds. But, though crowds acclaimed Molterer, the blond Austrian waved photographers and autograph hunters aside saying: "Toni is not yet come."

And Toni came, white cap flying out behind in the wind, arms poised outward as if holding invisible ropes invisibly lowered by his protecting Olympian deities. But though they had seen his speed, an immense gasp of surprise went up from the crowd when announcement of Sailer's time was spoken: three minutes and one-tenth of a second.

It was an incomparable victory and crowds stormed Toni, oblivious of other arrivals. They carried him and cheered him, while officials put there to hold the crowd back allowed their way through to ask for his autograph. Drivers left cars unattended—Red Cross nurses and doctors abandoned stretchers—all joined to swell a torrent of untarnished admiration for Sailer.

Sailer came to Cortina with six pairs of skis—two for the giant slalom, two for the special slalom, two for the downhill run. After he had won the first event by a magnificent margin of 6.2 seconds, he got out his special-slalom skis and won the second by an equally impressive four seconds flat over the flying little Japanese, Chiharu Igaya.

The third leg of the alpine triple crown, the downhill run over 3,622 meters, was perhaps the most difficult of all. The race was a hecatombe, and falls were so frequent their announcement over the public-address system ceased to draw the habitual gasp from spectators. But Toni, feeling out the course as he plummeted down, stood up all the way to win by 3.5 seconds from the Swiss, Raymond Fella.

Afterward Sailer admitted, "It was perhaps the most terrible run I have ever known. The wind up on top simply blew men off their skis. That's what happened to Ralph Miller, who was going very well when he fell. The same happened to Duvillard. It was a murderous course, and I have never known such hazards. My third medal was the hardest to get."

He added something inaudible as he was borne off his feet by a rush of officials, competitors and girls, all wanting to shake his hand. The famous Sailer smile was at its broadest, the Sailer teeth at their whitest, the now-sleepy, now-tigerish eyes glinting recklessly.

Sailer is a young champ who should be with us for a long time. Nor may he be the last of his name. He has a kid brother, Rudi, aged 11, who is a phenomenal skier. But Toni is doubtful about Rudi, who he feels has to make up a lot of lost ground. Rudi did not start to ski until he was 3. **ENP**



SWIRLING THROUGH Slalom, Sailer dashed to second of three Olympic victories.

OLYMPIC SCOREBOARD



GOLD MEDAL FOR FIRST PLACE



SILVER MEDAL FOR SECOND PLACE



BRONZE MEDAL FOR THIRD PLACE

RECORD BREAKERS

Sigge Ericsson, Swedish speed skater, posted excellent time of 16:35.9 in 10,000-meter to break Olympic record and end Russian speed-skating monopoly. Second for silver: Knut Johannessen, Norway, in 16:46.9; third for bronze: Oleg Goncharenko, Russia, 16:42.3.

ALPINE SKIING

Toni Sailer, Austria, who won giant slalom last week, came back to take special slalom with total time of 3:14.7 for two runs over course. Second: Chikara Igaya, Japan. Third: Stig Sollander, Sweden.

Three days later Sailer steamed home first in rugged downhill race to become only triple winner of current Olympics and fourth in entire history of Winter Games (the others, all Norwegian: Torleif Haug in 1924; Ivan Ballangrud in 1936; and Hjalmar Andersen in 1932). Sailer's time for 3,622-yard course — 2:52.2. Silver medalist: Raymond Fellay, Switzerland, 2:55.7; Bronze: Anderi Meltzer, Austria, 2:56.3.

Madeline Berthod, 25-year-old Swiss farm girl, won easy victory in women's downhill, finishing 4.7 seconds ahead of nearest competitor. Second for silver medal: Frieda Danzer, Switzerland, with time of 1:45.4. Bronze: Lucille Wheeler, Canada.

BOBLEDDING

Franz Kappus, Switzerland, took lead in first two heats, then held off challenge by Eugenio Monti of Italy to win four-man event with total time of 5:10.44 for four runs over dangerously rutted course. Time for runner-up Monti — 5:12.16. Third: Art Tyler, of U.S., in 5:12.39.

FIGURE SKATERS

Hayes Jenkins piled up early lead with precise school figures, then held off free-skating challenge by Ronnie Robertson to win gold medal in men's figure skating with

total of 165.4 points. Robertson took second-place silver medal with 163.7 points. Third for bronze: Dave Jenkins, younger brother of winner, with 162.8 points.

Tenley Albright, of Newton Centre, Mass., ignoring "great pain" in right ankle deeply cut during pre-Olympic practice, noosed out 16-year-old Carol Heiss of Ozone Park, N.Y. to win women's title with final score of 169.6. Miss Heiss scored 168.1 points for silver. Third for bronze: Ingrid Wendt, Austria, 159.3 points.

Kurt Oppel and Sissy Schwartz, Austria, wove intricate pattern of spins, lifts to win pairs title. Second for silver: Norris Bowden, Frances Dufco of Canada. Bronze: Marianne and Laszlo Nagy, Hungary.

ICE HOCKEY

Russian forwards, led by Vsevolod Bobrov, displayed masterful passing game while Soviet goalie Nikolai Puchkov made series of impossible saves to give Russia five straight victories and gold hockey medal. In fourth game Russia blanked spunky U.S. team 4-0, then clinched triumph in final with 2-0 shutout over Canadians, who had been favored to win their third hockey

gold medal since 1936. Biggest surprise was U.S. team, which got three-goal performance from center John Mayasich, tight goal tending by Willard Itola to upset Canada 4-1 in second game. And on last day U.S. romped over fast-skating Czechs 9-4 to take second place with record of four victories, one defeat. Third: Canada, with three wins, two losses.

NORDIC SKIING

Sverre Stenstrom, blond Norwegian busman, placed second in jump, then won 15-kilometer nordic cross-country race to take gold medal in novice combined. Silver medal: Bengt Ericson, Sweden. Bronze: Francis Gaszler, Poland.

Sirri Nantanen overtook Russia's Rosa Erchina on anchor leg to give Finnish team gold medal in women's 15-kilometer relay. Winning time — 1:09:01, only 27 seconds better than runner-up Russia. Third, 20 seconds behind Soviets, Sweden.

Sweden's Sixten Jernberg, second in 15- and 30-kilometer races earlier in Games, won gold medal in 50-kilometer with time of 2:50:27. Second in 2:51:45—Veikko Hakulinen, Finland. Third for bronze: Floror Teetsov, Russia, in 2:53:32.

In men's 40-kilometer relay, anchor man Veikko Hakulinen made up 56 seconds on Russia's ailing Vladimir Kuzin but failed by one minute, one second to keep Soviets from winning. Russia posted time of 2:15:39 in standing off bid by second-place Finns. Third in 2:17:42—Sweden.

Antti Hyvarinen, Finland, swept off Olympic ski jump with spectacular leaps of 265 feet 9 inches and 275 feet seven inches, held near-perfect form throughout to win final gold medal of seventh Winter Games in special jump. Silver medalist: Aulis Kallakorpi, Finland, with jumps of 273 feet 11 inches and 264 feet one inch. Bronze: Harry Glass, Germany, with 273 feet 11 inches and 264 feet.

FINAL HOCKEY STANDINGS

| Team | Won | Lost | Tied | Points | GF | GA |
|-----------------|-----|------|------|--------|----|----|
| Russia | 5 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 25 | 5 |
| United States 4 | 1 | 0 | 8 | 25 | 12 | |
| Canada | 3 | 2 | 0 | 6 | 23 | 11 |
| Sweden | 1 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 10 | 17 |
| Czechoslovakia | 1 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 20 | 30 |
| Germany | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 35 |

Scores of final matches: U.S. 7—Germany 2, U.S.S.R. 4—Sweden 1, Canada 6—Czechoslovakia 3, U.S. 4—Canada 1, U.S.S.R. 5—Germany 0, Sweden 5—Czechoslovakia 0, U.S. 6—Sweden 1, Canada 16—Germany 9, U.S.S.R. 7—Czechoslovakia 4, U.S.S.R. 4—U.S. 0, Canada 6—Sweden 2, Czechoslovakia 2—Germany 3, U.S. 9—Czechoslovakia 4, U.S.S.R. 2—Canada 0, Germany 1—Sweden 1.

COMPLETE RESULTS OF THE



KAPUS, SWITZERLAND



KOZYREVA, RUSSIA



RANTANEN, FINLAND



JERNBERG, SWEDEN



BERTHO, SWITZ.



ALBRIGHT, U.S.



**GOLD
MEDAL**
First
place



**SILVER
MEDAL**
Second
place







**BRONZE
MEDAL**
Third
place



| EVENTS | GOLD MEDAL First place | SILVER MEDAL Second place | BRONZE MEDAL Third place | CERTIFICATES |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| BOBSLED (FOUR-MAN) | FRANZ KAPUS Switzerland Time—5:18.44 | EUGENIO MONTI Italy Time—5:12.1 | ART TYLER U.S. Time—5:12.39 | FOURTH—ANGST Switzerland FIFTH—OE MARTIN Italy SIXTH—ROESCH Germany |
| BOBSLED (TWO-MAN) | LAMBERTO DALLA COSTA Italy Time—3:36.14 | EUGENIO MONTI Italy Time—3:31.45 | MAX ANGST Switzerland Time—3:37.46 | FOURTH—DE PORTAGO Spain FIFTH—WASHBORN U.S. SIXTH—TYLER U.S. |
| CROSS- COUNTRY (16-KILO- METER) | LUBOV KOZYREVA Russia Time—38:11 | RISA ERDCHINA Russia Time—38:16 | SQNJÄ EOSTROM Sweden Time—38:23 | FOURTH—KOLCHINA Russia FIFTH—RANTANEN Finland SIXTH—MILTADES Finland |
| CROSS- COUNTRY (15-KILO- METER) | HALLGEIR BRENDEN Norway Time—49:39 | SIXTEN JERNBERG Sweden Time—50:14 | PAVEL KOLICHIN Russia Time—50:17 | FOURTH—HAKULINEN Finland FIFTH—SRUSVEEN Norway SIXTH—STOKKEN Norway |
| CROSS- COUNTRY (15-K RELAY) | FINLAND Time—1:09:01 | RUSSIA Time—1:09:28 | SWEDEN Time—1:09:45 | FOURTH—NORWAY FIFTH—POLAND SIXTH—CZECHOSLOVAKIA |
| CROSS- COUNTRY (30-KILO- METER) | VEIKKO HAKULINEN Finland Time—1:44:06 | SIXTEN JERNBERG Sweden Time—1:44:30 | PAVEL KOLICHIN Russia Time—1:45:45 | FOURTH—SCHELJUNKIN Russia FIFTH—KUSIN Russia SIXTH—TERENTIEV Russia |
| CROSS- COUNTRY (60-K RELAY) | RUSSIA Time—2:15:30 | FINLAND Time—2:16:31 | SWEDEN Time—2:17:42 | FOURTH—NORWAY FIFTH—ITALY SIXTH—FRANCE |
| CROSS- COUNTRY (30-KILO- METER) | SIXTEN JERNBERG Sweden Time—2:50:27 | VEIKKO HAKULINEN Finland Time—2:51:45 | FIOODR TERENTIEV Russia Time—2:53:52 | FOURTH—KOLEHMAINEN Finland FIFTH—SCHELJUNKIN Russia SIXTH—KOLICHIN Russia |
| DOWNHILL (MEN) | TONI SAILER Austria Time—2:52.2 | RAYMOND FELLAY Switzerland Time—2:55.7 | ANDERL MOLTERER Austria Time—2:55.3 | FOURTH—STAUR Switzerland FIFTH—LANG Germany SIXTH—BURNINI Italy |
| DOWNHILL (WOMEN) | MADELINE BERTHO Switzerland Time—1:40.7 | FRIEDA DANZER Switzerland Time—1:45.4 | LUCILLE WHEELER Canada Time—1:46 | FOURTH—MINUZZO- CHENAI Italy; tied with HOPFER Austria SIXTH—MARCHELLI Italy |
| FIGURE SKATING (MEN) | HAYEK JENKINS U.S. Points—186.4 | RONNIE ROBERTSON U.S. Points—165.7 | DAVE JENKINS U.S. Points—162.3 | FOURTH—GILETTI France FIFTH—GIVIN Czechoslovakia SIXTH—BOOKER Great Britain |
| FIGURE SKATING (WOMEN) | TENLEY ALBRIGHT U.S. Points—169.6 | CAROL HEISS U.S. Points—163.1 | INGRID WENDL Austria Points—159.3 | FOURTH—SUGDEN Great Britain FIFTH—EIGEL Austria SIXTH—PACHEL Canada |

SEVENTH WINTER GAMES

| EVENTS |  GOLD MEDAL First place |  SILVER MEDAL Second place |  BRONZE MEDAL Third place |  CERTIFICATES |
|------------------------------|---|--|---|--|
| FIGURE SKATING (PAIRS) | 8. SCHWARTZ, K. OPPELT Austria Score—14 | F. DAFOE, N. BOWDEN Canada Score—16 | M. NAGY, L. NAGY Hungary Score—32 | FOURTH—KULUS, NINGEL Germany FIFTH—ORMACA, GREINER U.S. SIXTH—WAGNER, PAUL Canada |
| GIANT SLALOM (MEN) | TONI SAILER Austria Time—3:00.1 | ANDERL WOLTERER Austria Time—3:05.3 | WALTER SCHUSTER Austria Time—3:07.2 | FOURTH—DUVILLARD France FIFTH—ROZON France SIXTH—HINTERSELER Austria |
| GIANT SLALOM (WOMEN) | OSSE REICHERT Germany Time—1:56.5 | PUTZI FRANZOL Austria Time—1:57.8 | THEA HOCHLEITNER Austria Time—1:58.2 | FOURTH—LAWRENCE U.S., tied with GUTHOD Switzerland SIXTH—WHEELER Canada |
| ICE HOCKEY | RUSSIA 5-0-0 | UNITED STATES 4-1-0 | CANADA 3-2-0 | FOURTH—SWEDEN FIFTH—CZECHOSLOVAKIA SIXTH—GERMANY |
| NORDIC COMBINED | SVERRE STENERSEN Norway Points—445 | BENGT ERICSSON Sweden Points—437 | FRANCIS GASIENICA Poland Points—436.8 | FOURTH—KORHONEN Finland FIFTH—BARHAUSEN Norway SIXTH—KNUTSEN Norway |
| SLALOM (MEN) | TONI SAILER Austria Time—3:14.7 | CHIHARU ISAYA Japan Time—3:18.7 | STIG SOLLANDER Sweden Time—3:20.2 | FOURTH—ODDGE U.S. FIFTH—SCHNEIDER Switzerland SIXTH—PASQUIER France |
| SLALOM (WOMEN) | RENEE COLLIARD Switzerland Time—1:52.3 | REGINA SCHOPF Austria Time—1:55.4 | EUGENIE SIODROVA Russia Time—1:56.7 | FOURTH—MINUZZO CHENAL Italy FIFTH—FRANGL Austria SIXTH—SANDVIK, BJORNSEN Norway (tie) |
| SPECIAL JUMP | ANTTI HYVARINEN Finland Points—227 | AULIS KALLAKORPI Finland Points—225 | HARRY GLASS Germany Points—224.5 | FOURTH—BOLKART Germany FIFTH—PETERSSON Sweden SIXTH—DAESCHER Switzerland |
| SPEED SKATING (500 METER) | EVGENY GRISHIN Russia Time—40.2 Olympic, world record | RAFAEL GRATCH Russia Time—40.8 | ALV GJESTVANG Norway Time—41 | FOURTH—SERGHEIEV Russia FIFTH—SALONEN Finland SIXTH—CAROW U.S. |
| SPEED SKATING (1,500 METER) | E. GRISHIN— T. MIKHAILOV Russia Time—2:08.8 (Tie) Olympic, world record | (No silver medal awarded because of tie for first) | TOIVO SALONEN Finland Time—2:09.4 | FOURTH—HARVINEN Finland FIFTH—MERCULOV Russia SIXTH—ERICSSON Sweden |
| SPEED SKATING (5,000 METER) | SORIS SHELKOV Russia Time—7:48.7 Olympic record | SIGGE ERICSSON Sweden Time—7:56.7 | OLEG GONCHARENKO Russia Time—7:57.5 | FOURTH—BROEKMAN Holland, tied with DE GRAAF Holland SIXTH—AAS Norway |
| SPEED SKATING (10,000 METER) | SIGGE ERICSSON Sweden Time—16:35.9 Olympic record | KNUT JOHANNSEN Norway Time—16:36.9 | OLEG GONCHARENKO Russia Time—16:42.3 | FOURTH—HAUGLI Norway FIFTH—BROEKMAN Holland SIXTH—ANDERSEN Norway |



FOREROV, RUSSIA



STENERSEN, NORWAY



COLLIARD, SWITZ.



ERICSSON, SWEDEN



GRISHIN, RUSSIA



SHILBOV, RUSSIA

SUBJECT: DICK IRVIN

by WHITNEY TOWER

After a million miles of travel and 30 years, a grand old veteran talks about hockey and his own changeful career.

It is a mean and bitter game, he says, but a wonderful one

A PULLMAN WASHROOM in the middle of the night is a wonderful place for conversation. On this particular occasion, on the midnight express to Boston, the room was crowded with hockey players in various stages of undress. A joke went out through the heavy cigar smoke directed at a veteran forward with a fanciful taste for loud underwear. A defenseman, half naked and hairy, pulled an egg sandwich out of a crumpled brown paper bag and munched on it slowly. He had said nothing and wasn't about to. A laugh went around the room and another player said as he looked at the sandwich eater, "Look at him, will you—always the same, never says anything. Like Alan Ladd, in one of those westerns!"

"Yeah," said another voice, "we call him Shane. Hey? How about that, Shane? Pretty good, huh?"

The man they had nicknamed Shane said nothing. He smiled faintly and kept on munching. A figure appeared at the door and the general laughter subsided. James Dickinson Irvin, coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, and at 63 the senior coach of the National Hockey League, moved toward the window seat and sat down. He looked around and smiled. In 30 years of playing and coaching, Dick Irvin had seen many a happy washroom crowd—and many a gloomy one. "See them," he said with slow deliberation. "In hockey the goal is the thing. Look at a team that has won and see how they act. A hockey player who has scored a goal is the happiest man alive. If we hadn't beaten the Rangers tonight the boys would have been in bed by now. But, no, tonight they win, so what do they do? They sit up too late puffing on their cigars and trying to get a rise out of Shane."

Everyone looked at the sandwich eater and Irvin went on speaking. "Oh, his name isn't really Shane, you know.

It's actually Frank Martin, and he can play a pretty good game on defense when he wants to. But, here, let me introduce some of the others."

The coach stood up, then propped himself against a washbasin. He is not a big man; with his silver hair and thinning face he seems almost frail. But he has a distinguished look about him. He stands 5 feet, 10½ inches and weighs 165 pounds. His voice is quiet and his penetrating eyes are gray. There is an inch-long scar on his right cheek. When he talks, he conveys authority and automatically commands respect.

He began pointing a long arm around the crowded room.

"There," he said, "on the end there is Nick Mickoski. You saw him turn in a good game tonight. Next to him, over there, is Al Dewsbury, then Tony Lewick. There's our captain, Gus Mortson, then comes Lee Fogolin. This

tall fella here, next to Shane, is Eddie Litzenberger and the last two are Glen Skov and Benny Woit."

The members of the hockey team acknowledged the introductions. Soon after, by the time the train had reached New Haven, the happy cigar smokers had drifted off to their berths, leaving Dick Irvin slumped pensively against the window staring with noticeable disgust at the last heavy clouds of smoke as they curled slowly out into the corridor. He stood up, finally, and unlimbered himself in a long stretch. "I suppose all of us are tired after a game. But me, I never get to sleep early on a train. I sit up talking or just thinking—talking about what happened in the last game or thinking about what we can do in the next one."

"The coach in the National Hockey League is different from a coach in any other sport. Now, take your baseball manager. It is taken for granted that under certain conditions he will play the percentages. Whether his move works for him or fails him, it is accepted as a perfectly legitimate method of eliminating himself from personal blame. Look at your football coach. He has maybe 10 games a season. All right, but he has a week between games—a whole week to get his injured players back in shape, a whole week to think up new plays, devise new strategy, rebuild morale and confidence within his club. A whole week, mind you, seven days and seven nights. Then, what happens in the game? The football coach, when he sees things going against him, has a time-out to reorganize his team."

A vague smile spread across the coach's face. "Ah, and wouldn't I just love to yell for a time-out once in a while when I see a Rocket Richard or a Gordie Howe coming down on my net! Sure I would. So would every other hockey coach. But hockey isn't

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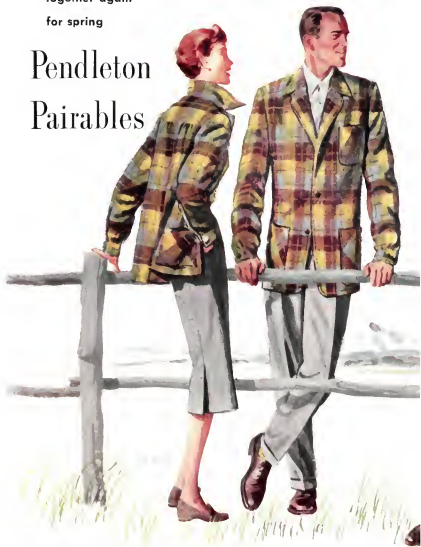


PLAYER IRVIN, as a forward for Chicago in the '20s, was a prolific goal scorer.



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PAIRABLES



WEDDING SHIRT

Right off a Mexican peasant's back, it has been embellished by California designers to become spring's hottest merchandise

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LANDREY

ON the West Coast, where the sport shirt came of age as the most colorful item in a man's wardrobe, the hottest design this year comes from Mexico. At least 30 of the 75 manufacturers of men's sportswear in the Los Angeles area have taken the peon's brightly embroidered wedding shirt right off his back, added California color and American fabrics, and put it on display. The results are sellouts. Barney Beller, a California shirt-maker, saw the shirts being worn in Acapulco, timidly added a couple of them to his spring line as "ideas," and was astonished by his sales. White Stag of Portland calls their wedding shirt their greatest surprise seller. They've already sold more than any other sport shirt they've ever had. The original wedding shirt is a dressed-up version of a peasant's bleached-cotton work shirt, with a bib hand-embroidered with birds and flowers. It is worn by Mexicans at their weddings, at fiestas and on Sundays. For Americans, west to east, the shirt is found in cotton and rayon, with embroidered rickrack, bandanna or hand-screened bib. One East Coast manufacturer, hot on the trend, makes the most elegant shirt of them all: all silk with Liberty-square bib for \$25.

ON AN ADOBE WALL in Santa Barbara: the color of Mexico in a cotton wedding shirt (\$6.95) with wrap-around peon pants (\$1.95), both White Stag. Blue shirt, top, is waist length (\$10.95), Abeles. Orange shirt, left, is authentic, made-in-Mexico wedding shirt (\$10.95), Abeles. Green shirt, center, has yellow embroidery (Don Loper, \$10). Tan shirt, right, has rickrack-band design (Dol Mar, \$6.95). Bandanna is used for bib on black shirt, lower left (Barney Beller, \$7). Gold shirt at lower right has an appliquéd bib of striped fabric (Don Loper, \$10.95). Bottom shirt features hand-screened "embroidery" (Moss-Amber, \$1.95).



IN SANTA BARBARA, wedding shirt (Barney Beller, \$10.95) is worn with Sunday pants from Acapulco.



IN PALM BEACH, all-silk wedding shirt, most elegant version, has Liberty-square bib (Peerless, \$25).

LADIES OF THE DEEP

Neither rough seas nor low temperatures could keep the members of the International Women's Fishing Association from competing in their first annual sailfish tournament. For two days 60-odd ladies fished in the chilly waters off Palm Beach, Fla. All told they caught 85 sailfish, but later released 82 of them in interests of conservation

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

TALL WAVE dwarfs the charter boat, *Margaret K*, and makes it appear as though the stern is about to be swamped. All good sailors, ladies turned out 100% wet day. Calmly trolling through the trough are four IWFA (I Will Fish Also) members: Mrs. J. H. Godfrey of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; Mrs. Joseph Shapiro of Boca Raton, Fla. and Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. James R. Caldwell of Boca Raton and Wooster, Ohio; and Mrs. Alan Ferguson of Palm Beach Shores and Washington, D.C. Captain Harold Meyer of the *Margaret K* is on the bridge at the wheel.

SHIVERING CONTESTANT Mrs. Walter Robinson of Palm Beach waits for boat to go out first day.

TOURNAMENT RUNNER-UP Mrs. L. T. Verner of Dallas, vet. of Pacific waters, fastens fishing belt.

ON DOCK, Mrs. Tania Russell (left) talks to Mrs.





Augusta Cutter. Both ladies are from Palm Beach.

WARM WOOLIES are worn by Mrs. A. L. Mathers of Coral Gables who won first day's dolphin prize with a 17½-pounder.

WEIGHING DOLPHIN. Mrs. J. E. Stickney of Jacksonville double-checks the scale.



THE SENIORS WHALE AWAY

A total of 201 golfers, ranging in age from 50 to 82, competed in the PGA Seniors' Tournament at Dunedin, Fla. First prize was \$1,000, a trip to England and the triumphs of youth revived

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE SCHEFF



GOLFING VETERAN Thomas B. Clark (left), 78, of Kansas City discusses shots with W.W.B. Way, 82, of South Euclid, Ohio.



COMPARING NOTES, Billy Burke (right) of Cleveland, older brother of winner, chats with Bill Goldbeck of Mount Kisco, N.Y.



GOLF SALESMAN Uek Willowes of Dayton drives on the first hole of last round. Then one stroke off pace, he finished second.

CROWD FAVORITE Mike Murra of Wichita practices putts. Tied for second in 1955, he finished out of the money this year.



SMILING VICTOR, 30-year-old Pete Burks of Huntington, N.Y., who won by sinking 10-footer on 18th hole of last round, holds the Teacher Trophy as he gets congratulations from Ronald

Teacher of Wm Teacher Ltd, Scotch distillers, who sponsored tournament. With arm around Teacher is Marty Cramb, president of PGA Seniors. At right is PGA President H. L. Moffitt.



BLASTING FROM TRAP, William Black of Huntsville, Ala. shoots into the wind before gallery at Dunedin's fourth hole.

Black, with aid of highly accurate putter, shot a 68 for opening round but got in trouble, slipped to mediocre 76 in second outing.

SOME OF HOCKEY'S GREAT PERFORMERS



THE GAME'S OLDTIMERS. Irvin, who was judged for greatness on the basis of performances in a slower brand of hockey, just the same he ranks Howie Morenz (right) among all-time stars.

George Hainsworth (left) had a record 22 shutouts in 44 games during 1928-29, but goalie Turk Broda (center) may have been better in the '40s because faster game forced quick reactions.

SUBJECT: DICK IRVIN

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like that. It's the roughest game in the world—on the players, yes, but on the coach too. In the National Hockey League we play 70 games—half of them on the road. It means about three games a week, sometimes as many as four games in five nights. The coach has the job of devising different patterns of play to use against each of his five league opponents. He's got to see that his players can make this switch quickly—from night to night. To succeed he's got to know how to handle men, know when to give them the bull whip or feed them sugar."

Irvin put his hands into the pockets of his coat and leaned back. "For all of this, I'm not complaining, because I love the game. It is my life. It is also, I think, the greatest of all games, for it is fast, there is continual action, bodily contact, cleverness and finesse. As a player, I admired these qualities. As a coach I find them no less admirable."

"The coach is an important man on a hockey club. But never for a minute forget that no matter who the coach is, he can't put the puck in the net from the bench. This is my 27th season in the league as coach and I think I've been the luckiest there ever was because I've always had good hockey players."

"People point to my record of missing the Stanley Cup playoffs only once in 26 years. All right, part of the explanation may lie with coaching experience, but most of the credit must

go to the players themselves. If you haven't got the players you do not get very far. I will say this, though, a poor coach can spoil a good team just as easily as a good coach can make a poor team play well. Continuing along this line of reasoning, I quite positively believe that a good coach, through his knowledge and experience in the game and through the proper application of team strategy at the right time, should in a season win as many as seven games that his players, thinking for themselves, would probably lose."

"There's no telling how many games are won or lost through sheer luck and the breaks of the game. Tonight we beat the Rangers and, frankly, we deserved just about a tie. But the puck was working for us and against them. Tomorrow we play Boston. I think we're a better hockey club than Boston, but they're on a long losing streak and one of these nights the puck is going to work for them and they'll beat any club in the league. But it won't mean they are a better hockey club." Dick Irvin stood up and yawned. "Might as well turn in," he said.

Late in the afternoon of the next day Irvin was sitting in his room in Boston's Sheraton Plaza Hotel. It was nearly time to pack again and move on to the Garden. Irvin was beginning to think about the coming game, and as he did he reflected for a moment on a hockey player's training. "When I go

to training camp at the start of a new season I put three big letters on the blackboard. The first letter is 'C.' It stands for condition, and I don't give a damn what sport you're talking about, condition is the key to success. Another letter is 'D.' It stands for discipline and desire. The boy who is going to make the National Hockey League has got to have three essential qualities: desire, or the will to win; ability; and finally, courage. But first comes desire. Three or four fellows on a team with it aren't enough; the whole team must have it. I tell my players over and over again that a team that can skate and has the desire to win can do a lot to make up for lack of ability."

"Fifteen years I coached the Montreal Canadiens. Some of those teams had pretty good records. Some of them had some pretty good hockey players, fellows like Richard, Lach, Durnan, Blake and now Beliveau. Hell, do you think it was my coaching that made Rocket Richard the greatest scorer in the game? I didn't coach Rocket to greatness—no coach could because Richard has the natural ability and the desire to win. He fought his way up all alone, not because I was his coach." Dick Irvin rose and began pacing the floor. He was now talking excitedly about something he loved very much, and for a moment he allowed himself to stray from the pattern of training-camp routine.

"I know about desire after what I've seen the Rocket go through. For 13 years that man has been the target for everyone in the National Hockey

League who is not in a Montreal uniform. And after 13 years he's come out on top. Why? The answer is desire. I can remember a night in Boston some years ago. Every Boston player went after the Rocket, but he kept driving. I was getting pretty mad because the other team was getting away with murder and Referee Bill Chadwick was doing nothing about it. After that game was over, Chadwick came to me and said, "Duck, I know what you're thinking, and I'll admit to your face that for a while out on that ice tonight I froze. I froze and found I couldn't blow the whistle, and the reason was that I was so horrified to see a man stand up under such punishment."

Irvin stopped, and almost with an effort brought his mind back to his training-camp routine. "The 'D' for discipline," he said. "That is elementary. If an efficient army runs on strict discipline, so must a winning hockey team. I've never stood for slave-driving tactics, nor have I ever checked on my players to see what they do after games. Most hockey players want a few beers after a game and I expect them to have a few beers—as much for pleasure as for plain relaxation. But at the arena discipline has got to be maintained."

"The third letter on the blackboard is 'W.' It stands for work and weight. A good hockey player will want to work as hard in practice as in the real games. Sure, he may have the natural talent, but without the work he won't be worth a damn. And if he can't keep his weight down he's worth nothing."

"I think I can tie together a few of these points with a couple of illustrations. First, more about desire and work at training camp. To get the best team together you have to be tough from the beginning. I had a system when I was with Montreal and I think it paid off pretty well. At the end of the training-camp period, just before I had to make the last cut and decide on the final club, I used to hold a regular full-length spud game. Only this one was a little different from most; it was veterans against rookies. I'd put the veterans in one dressing room and the rookies in another. To the older players I'd say, 'Look, there's a bunch of rookies in the next room gunning for your jobs. Now you're not going to let them get away with anything, are you?' Then I'd walk across the hall and tell the kids, 'Look, I've got room on my club for some of you fellas but today's the day you earn your ticket. Now I want to see which one of you is going to be the first to go out there and put Richard or Bouchard on his ass.'

"Well, sir, I'm telling you, some of those spud games were as rough and tough as any league game I've ever seen. The system may sound brutal, but it worked, for hockey is a game of meanness and bitterness where there is no such thing as a friendly relationship."

The taxi threaded its way through the Boston streets to the Garden. Dick Irvin slouched down in the back seat. For a moment he looked suspiciously out into the darkness, then turned and gazed at the floor. "I think at last," he said, picking up the thread of his earlier thoughts, "that I must know something about conditioning of athletes. It follows that part of my responsibility is to try and prove to my players that I know what is best for them. Let me tell you about one way I proved my point this season."

"We'd gone three or four games without a win and I was getting pretty worried. I checked the weight list and noticed the players—as a group—were

37 pounds overweight. I got them all into the dressing room and told them I thought there weren't more than three men on the club who were in condition. They looked at me as though they thought I was crazy, and yet nobody said a word. Then I said to them, 'And now I'm going to prove to you just how right I am.'

"Well, for two days, two practice sessions a day, I worked them. I skated them, I skated them again—and I skated them some more. The first day we had no contact work. Instead, I had the forward lines just going up and down the ice passing the puck back and forth. Mind you, no checking from the opposition, just passing. Pretty soon, as they became more tired, the passes were looking more awful. It came to a point where I was watching groan men, professionals in the National Hockey League, who were absolutely incapable of putting that puck on a linemate's stick. When I called them in there was no need for

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CONN SMYTHE, president of Toronto Maple Leafs, bossed Irvin for nine seasons, was influential in persuading his friend to accept the challenging Chicago rebuilding project.

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me to explain the point they had just proved to their own satisfaction: a hockey player cannot expect to be alert mentally if he is not in condition physically."

At rinkside in the Boston Garden that evening the visiting team was lonely and without friends. There was a group of girls in the first row behind the Black Hawks. Carefully they scrutinized the faces of the warriors before them and then quickly checked the number on the back of each jersey with the numbers on the program. Boston fans burst into an abrupt cheer for a goal just scored by the Bruins. Two young boys slipped down the passageway, yelling—partly at the Chicago bench and partly at Irvin—"You guys really stink, ya hear? Ya really stink."

As the game in Boston grew progressively worse from the Black Hawks' point of view, Irvin restrained himself with marvelous control. A man who has almost never been known to berate a hockey player in public, the coach made an honest effort to take some pressure off his boys, all of whom had only to turn their heads slightly for one glance at the man to know what degree of humor they could expect to find him in later that night on the train to Montreal. Irvin looked over the tops of their heads and said simply, "The puck hasn't worked for us once tonight."

Before the train moved out there was time for a snack in the coffee shop. "You lose hockey games in two ways," Irvin said. "One, by having the breaks go against you. Two, by playing badly. Nobody—coaches or players—can do anything to alter the breaks of the game. But a coach is getting paid to see that his team doesn't play badly."

"All right, let's see what it is that makes a team play badly," Dick Irvin held out a hand and prepared to thrust out one finger at a time. "A team plays badly for four reasons: one, it is stale; two, it is lazy; three, it cannot, or is by its nature not capable of doing what is asked of it; four, it will not do what is asked of it."

"The coach's problem is to see which of these four factors is causing his team to lose—and then to remedy the fault. I'll now take them in turn. If the team is stale, that's easy. You give them a rest. If the team is lazy, that's easy too. You give them more work. If the team simply cannot do what is asked

of it, the answer is to try and get new players who are more capable. Ah, and here's the toughie—if the team will not do what is asked of it, then the man who is in trouble is the coach. Management isn't in the habit of firing the whole team when it is relatively simple to let the coach go." Irvin popped the last piece of muffin into his mouth and smiled for the first time in several hours. "So you see," he said, while slipping into his overcoat, "the coach must be more than a coach in a technical sense. He must be a psychologist too."

The lights in the private car BH 1 were extinguished early. Only in the drawing room was there a sign of life. Dick Irvin sat huddled in one corner, allowing himself to be rocked gently by the motion of the car as it sped northward toward Canada. The door stood ajar, and from his position the coach could look the length of the car where, on either side of the dark corridor, drawn curtains indicated that every member of Chicago's losing hockey club had chosen quick retirement in favor of a probable midnight lecture. After gazing down the curtained herths for a few silent moments, Irvin reached a hand inside his breast pocket and withdrew a fat sheath of carefully folded papers. He took a pencil and began writing.

"I'm a great one for figures and statistics," he explained with a small smile. "I grade every player after every game with my own point system: three points for a star night, two points for good, one point for fair and minus one point for poor. Dressing 17 men for a game, if all 17 play a top game, it should give you a total of 51 points. Now let's see what sort of score we can give them tonight."

Irvin scribbled each name down in a long list, and after each name went a figure. His face was expressionless until he reached the end of the page, drew a last heavy line and began his addition. "There," he concluded a few seconds later, "just about what I thought—one of the worst games we've played all season: a total of six points out of a possible 51."

He lapsed into silence and twiddled with the pencil as he stared at the paper in front of him. After a while he pulled another sheet of figures from the bundle and made some minor adjustments on it. "It's strange how statistics have a fascination for some people. I keep a record of all sorts of things and never get tired of it. For instance, I've kept a record of every game and

goal I've seen since I began coaching during the 1929-30 season. Including the playoffs, I've coached 1,634 games. My teams have won 891, lost 691 and tied 232. During all that time I've seen 8,795 goals—4,721 for me and 3,984 against me."

The train suddenly came to a jerking halt at a small New England station and Irvin chuckled quietly. "People wonder that I don't get tired of spending half my life on the railroad sleeper. Well, it's just a matter of getting used to it. By the end of this season I figure that I will have traveled roughly 1,050,000 miles during 30 years in the National Hockey League. A long way, sure, but I asked for it and who's to say I wouldn't do the same thing if I had to start all over again?"

As the train gathered speed once more, Irvin shuffled the papers around in his hands and found himself suddenly back to his personal record of the Black Hawks' game against Boston. A furious scowl covered his entire face and he exclaimed, "God damn it, only six points out of a possible 51. I just can't figure it, but when a team goes that bad the coach must take the blame if he expects to take credit when the team wins. I wonder, though, what the players think of themselves right now. Do you really think each man realizes what sort of a show he put on in Boston?" Dick Irvin stood up excitedly. Taking a blank piece of paper, he tore it quickly into little strips. Next he reached up to take his hat off the overhead rack. With the hat in one hand and the ballots in the other he moved quickly out into the corridor and began prodding the occupant of the first berth within reach. "Every one of you," he began, "will fill out a piece of paper I'm about to distribute. On it you will sign your name and indicate whether, in your own opinion, you deserve a rating for star, good, fair or poor after tonight's game. Drop your answers into this hat, and we'll take the matter up again tomorrow." The train to Montreal drove on through the night as Dick Irvin conducted his poll and tabulated the ballots. It was a cold night and, for some, a long one.

The oldest coach in the National Hockey League was born on July 19, 1892 at Limestone Ridge, Ontario. "My father," he said, as he sat in a well-stuffed chair in the lobby of Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel watching the passing parade of transient hockey players and other less distinguishable guests, "was a butcher by trade. I was the fourth of 10 children. There were

six of us boys and four girls. In 1899 we moved to Winnipeg where I saw a pair of skates and the game of hockey for the first time. I think it must have fascinated me because I can remember staying out in the backyard practicing shooting a puck at a spot on the wall until my mother would have to come and drag me indoors for dinner.

"There were commercial leagues in Winnipeg and naturally I wanted to get on the team sponsored by the butchers. I was 15 before I got my chance. One of the regular forwards was taken sick and a friend of my father's suggested that I be given a chance to play. The man came to me before the game and said he'd give me a dollar for every goal I scored. Under the circumstances I suppose I was as excited and nervous as any boy of 15 can be. But I was confident too. I had developed a good wrist shot and somehow I always knew how to score. In that game I got five goals—and five dollars—and I know I've had few thrills like it since."

Irvin's eyes took in the wide range of the hotel lobby and focused on a rookie who was just stepping up to the cigarette counter. The boy had a confident look about him. His coach grinned. "You know, when I finally turned professional with Portland of the Pacific Coast Hockey League, my salary was \$700. It was in 1913, and the top pay in the league was \$1,250." An old acquaintance hove into sight, and Irvin's eyes lit up. "There's an old National Leaguer. He knew what it was like in the old days. I was 34 when the Portland club was sold to Chicago in 1926 and my team became the Chicago Black Hawks. The first year up in the National Hockey League I finished second in scoring to Bill Cook of the New York Rangers. The next season I fractured my skull and I was never any good again."

Irvin settled back slowly into his seat. "I can reminisce about the old days," he said, "and maybe I'll surprise you because I won't tell you how much better we played the game than they play it today. Hockey, in my day as a player, may have been dirtier—but it was not tougher to play. By dirtier I mean plain brutal. The butt end of a stick could break off in a man's ribs and the referee would never call it. Today the refereeing is better and the hockey is better too. A man does more skating in one period now than he used to in a whole game. It was the total legalizing of the forward pass in 1929 that opened up hockey. In my

day we had stickwork, sure, and rough board-checking, but the game was so slow that if you tried it today, you'd put 15,000 people to sleep—or else they'd walk out on you.

"In their day there were great hockey players like Howe Moen and George Hainsworth. They called Hainsworth one of the greatest goalies of all time. Well, I suppose he was. In one 44-game season Hainsworth had 22 shutouts and his team won exactly 22 games. Fine, but nobody's going to tell me that today's goalies aren't better. Fellows like Bill Durnan, Turk Broda, Harry Lumley and Terry Sawchuk were better than Hainsworth or Georges Vezina simply because the speeded-up game forced them to react faster. Still, you've got to go by the old theory that a goalie can be no better than the team in front of him. Where do you draw the line between individual and team ability? Sawchuk was terrific with Detroit. Now he's with Boston and having a bad year. Who is to blame, Sawchuk or his team?"

Another game—another loss for Chicago. The Montreal Canadiens, a team which Irvin, after 15 years as their coach, still affectionately refers to as "my old team," walloped the Black Hawks and now both clubs were on the same train heading west across the dominion for still further combat the following night. In the sleeper next to Irvin's were some of his star pupils: Maurice Richard, Jean Beliveau, Boon Boon Geoffrion, Doug Harvey,

Bert Olmstead and Jacques Plante.

"As a rival coach," he said in reference to his former players, "you look at them differently. You face the challenge of trying to devise tactics to stop them when you know perfectly well what they can do. It should be easier for a coach to defeat a good offensive club than it is to beat a good defensive club. Why? Hell, you can take an ordinary ham-and-egg hockey player and tell him to stick right on a big star, say a fellow like Rocket Richard. But tell that same ham-and-egger to skate through a tough defense and put that puck in the net, and you've got a different story. Why, I read just the other day that this rookie Dickie Duff, a kid with Toronto, stuck to Gordie Howe of Detroit so close in one game that Howe never got off one shot all night long. Everywhere he went, here was this Duff skating along with him—just annoying him and skating around getting in his way, zigging and zagging and never letting Howe get away from him.

"Despite the challenge you may feel about beating a team of stars, you don't let yourself forget a cardinal theory about hockey players. It's what makes the coach's challenge all the more challenging: when a super star has a bad night he is still pretty good. When an average player has a bad night he is fair. But when a poor hockey player has a bad night he's nothing. The hockey coach is forever hoping the other team's stars will have

continued on next page



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IRVINS AT HOME in suburban Montreal with daughter Fay, 19, and son Dick Jr., 24. Since taking the job with Chicago Irvin's family visits have been hasty and infrequent.

SUBJECT: DICK IRVIN

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a bad night and his poor players a star night."

Irvin lay back in his berth, scanning the headlines of a paper. In a minute he had covered the important news and put the paper aside. "I never thought much about coaching until my skull injury finished my playing career after the 1928-29 season," he went on. "I got my first chance to coach at Chicago in 1929. For two seasons I put the Black Hawks into the Stanley Cup playoffs, and in my second season as coach we lost the Cup only after going into overtime in the last game of the final series against Montreal. I was pretty pleased, but they dropped me as coach the next season and I went west to take a lung variation. The new season wasn't very old when I got a phone call from Conn Smythe in Toronto. The Maple Leafs had gotten off to a bad start and Conn wanted a quick coaching change.

"I took the job and that first Toronto team of mine went on to win the Stanley Cup. I stayed with the Leafs for nine seasons before moving on to Montreal. Now—although I still make my home in Montreal for my wife and two children—I'm technically back where I started coaching: in Chicago. I live alone in a hotel and think of ways to make my hockey players play

better hockey. When they lose, sure, I brood and often feel that it's my fault and not theirs. And when I get back to Montreal to see my family (Dick Jr., 23, and Fay, 19) a lot of my old friends look at my club and then at Les Canadiens and want to know if I don't feel silly accepting a job with a club that's going nowhere.

"To that I say: it's just another challenge. Conn Smythe tossed a challenge at me when he first asked me to come to Toronto. I accepted it and won that round. Last year it was Smythe again who let me know that the Chicago coaching job was mine if I wanted it. I thought it over pretty carefully. I thought too of how I'd been in five Stanley Cup final rounds with Montreal in the last few years and how we'd only managed to win the Cup in one of those five cracks at it. That could have been my fault too, not my players. So, instead of retiring to a farm and raising my pigeons and chickens (raising homes, hantams and white Wyandottes), I took Smythe up again and accepted the job Chicago offered me. The Black Hawks may be going nowhere this season. It looks doubtful as to whether we'll make the playoffs. But we're building up a farm system and I still happen to think I can help in the hudding. It's the same old thing: just another challenge. Maybe I'm too old. Maybe I'm wrong. But I don't think so."

END

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COMPILED BY MORT LUND

EAST

Eastern Slopes Region, N.H.: At Mt. Cranmore, altitude attendance record was broken and weekend skiers enjoyed year's best powder. Gibson Trophy scheduled Feb. 12. LS 3 to 4, East Slope 4 to 10, TD 3, TW 3, CW 3,000, CW 12,500. At Intervale, Poma lift in use for first time, with fair to good skiing on lower two-thirds of slope only. At Black Mt., skiing was good to excellent. LS 3 to 5, US 4 to 10, CW 1,000. At Tuckers Mt., first weekend of skiing since Jan. 8. LS 3 to 7, US 4 to 10, CW 500.

Cannon Mt., N.H.: All lifts operating. Trails good, slopes excellent last week. Most of vacation skiers enjoyed taking advantage of weekday package including lift, meal, room, lessons for \$57.50. LS 4 to 31, US 6 to 10, TD 12, TW 4, CD 3,250, CW 3,250.

Bolton, N.H.: Largest weekend crowd in history of area and excellent skiing last weekend. All trails open. Jon Runes of UNH won class A, Roger Olson of Lebanon won class B in Bolton Invitational jump.

Mt. Sunapee, N.H.: Excellent conditions over weekend on entire mountain. Crowd broke all-time attendance record. LS 6 to 10, TD 12, TW 5, CD 1,000, CW 1,000.

Mad River Glen, Vt.: Best skiing of the year here brought weekend wait up to 30 minutes on Mansfield chair. Crowd was top cover thin on Main Street and Big Spruce. LS 24 to 32, US 16, TD 12, TW 2, CD 2,300, CW 2,300, CW 3,000.

Mad River Glen, Vt.: All trails open for first time in four weeks, with six-inch powder cover over weekend. James DeLong and Rene Cox won junior giant slalom. LS 22, US 26, TD 15, TW 6, CD 1,000, CW 3,500.

Big Bromley, Vt.: Powder skiing during week brought biggest attendance of season. Oberon trophy race won by Boston U. in field of 12, skiers. LS 7 to 15, US 7 to 15, TD 15, TW 4, CD 1,000, CW 4,750.

Pica Peak, Vt.: Excellent skiing with crowds using new Forest Flight rope and newly opened Homers Trail. LS 6 to 14, US 6 to 14, TD 11, TW 7, CD 1,500, CW 3,000.

Dunsmuir, Vt.: First weekend of operation with both Poma lifts and all trails open. Best skiing on Square Trail and Mountain Road. LS 4 to 6, US 7 to 21, TD 30, TW 6, CW 1,000.

Snow Valley, Vt.: Area opened last weekend with best skiing on Boomerang, Lucky Devil, Redoubt. LS 20 to 20, TW 4, CW 750.

Mt. Snow, Vt.: Skiing excellent with crowds last weekend waiting 15 minutes for lower chair.

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes; TD—depth of snow on upper slopes; TW—total snowfall during the week days; TW—total snowfall during the weekend; CD—crowd during the week; CW—crowd during the weekend; CL—closed lifts, lifts or slopes

No waiting on upper lift. Skiers eating at new snack bar en route to lift. LS 6 to 16, US 12 to 20, TD 12, TW 3, CD 3,000, CW 3,000.

Remedy Park, Mass.: All trails open with excellent skiing last weekend in two inches of powder top cover. LS 4 to 10, US 4 to 10, TD 5, TW 2, CW 1,000.

Whitcomb Mt., N.Y.: Lower trails open full length, slopes in good condition. LS 6 to 18, US 21 to 32, TD 5, TW 1, CD 500, CW 2,500.

Schoepke, N.Y.: Skiing good on all trails, all lifts running last weekend. LS 9 to 20, US 9 to 20, TD 1, TW 3, CD 5,000, CW 4,500.

Snow Ridge, N.Y.: Heavy snowfall during week left powder on all trails. Swiss-made Stockli skis favored by some skiers here.

Mt. Tremblant, Que.: Best skiing of the winter, with River Schuss continuing excellent. LS 16 to 25, US 35 to 31, TD 4, CW 2,600, CL—Devils River Run, upper Flying Mile.

LaSalle, Que.: Winter carnival time at nearby Quebec City found area with excellent skiing. LS 15, US 20, CD 1,500, CW 1,200.

Mt. Jacques, Que.: Skiing good to excellent. LS 18, US 33, TD 4, CD 1,000, CW 1,200.

MIDWEST

Tony Peak, S. Dak.: Light powder cover has kept conditions good in spite of settling base. Most popular bindings are Anderson and Thompson safety releases, and long chocks. LS 15, US 15, TD 2, TW 0, CD 300, CW 500.

Mt. Telemark, Wind Skiing good. Attendance over weekend set new record. LS 17, US 3, CD 450, CW 1,000.

Cabrera, Mich.: Record crowds over weekend with light powder on a lot of hard snow.

Big Mt., Mich.: Open slope excellent turn, showing wear. LS 8, US 6, CD 500, CW 1,500.

WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho: Skiing excellent. Easter Hunt packed out for first time last weekend. Instructor Christian Prada, reinstated as FIS racer, ran posted record 1:44.2 for Gold Star. Prada plans to run in Harriman Cup.

Brighton, Utah: Spaghetti Run best with good skiing over whole area. LS 125, US 138, TD 0, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 4,000.

Alta, Utah: Continued good weather has en-

couraged touring which can lead to runs up to 14 miles long to bottom of mountain. LS 118, US 118, TD 0, TW 0, CD 2,500, CW 3,000.

Alta, Utah: Conditions excellent. Students skiing during semester breaks have given town and slopes busiest week of season. Star safety binding popular buy in local ski shops. LS 30 to 35, US 30 to 40, TD 4, TW 8, CW 250.

Hidden Valley, Calif.: Shuttle bus transporting skiers to upper slopes in absence of Poma operation. LS 20, US 50, CW 1,500, CL—trail 2.

Arroyo Viejo, Calif.: Upper chair shut down over weekend due to transformer failure, will open for Feb. 11 weekend. LS 40, US 75, TD 3, TW 0, CD 100, CW 1,200.

Scott, Ariz.: Hard, dry surface provided fast skiing for Youth Annual International Collegiate Ski Meet, won by U. of Washington.

Flagstaff, Ariz.: Skiing excellent. Agnew, Tiger-Tiger best. Sun Pyramid of Whistler, Calif. and Vera Owen of Los Angeles won Arizona Cup races here. LS 42, US 50, TD 3, CW 3,000.

Tahoe, N. Mex.: Snowstorm blocked roads, kept weekend crowds to minimum. Skiing excellent. LS 80 to 100, US 105 to 160, TD 42, TW 0, CD 50, CW 80.

Santa Fe, N. Mex.: Blizzard closed roads to Texas. Best skiers had excellent conditions last weekend. LS 24, US 45, TD 18, CW 1,200.

PACIFIC WEST

Reno, Nev.: Best skiing of the winter filled nearly Sycamore and Christmas Tree lodges, brought crowds out to ski in powder. University of Nevada Winter Carnival here Feb. 10 to 12 has 15 colleges entered. LS 80 to 110, US 110 to 150, TD 0, TW 5, CD 400, CW 1,500.

Squaw Valley, Calif.: Skiing excellent on Flying Saucer, Cascade, International, Metro and Mammoth Meadows. No ice or thin spots on trails. Instructor Roger Muehl last week won second Gold Arrow in history of Standard race. LS 80, US 150, TD 0, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 2,000.

Sugar Bowl, Calif.: Best skiing of season. Touring to Mt. Lincoln popular. LS 144, US 216 to 300, TW 0, CD 600, CW 1,100.

Mt. Baldy, Calif.: Skiing fair at Bonanza and Beginners Gulch, but Robins and Rinsle wind-stripped to ice here. Thursday has service from UCLA on 11th scholastic for this area. US 14 to 24, TD 0, TW 0, CD 1,000, CW 1,450.

Yosemite, Calif.: Skiing excellent. LS 74, US 84, TD 0, TW 0, CD 3,550, CW 5,000.

Badger Ridge, Calif.: East Bowl, Ridge and Pine all good skiing. LS 64, US 116, TD 0, TW 0, CD 3,000, CW 16,000.

Mt. Hood, Ore.: Skiing excellent last week. Muffler area installing electric eyes which will save time and give rise of descent on trail.

Trail, open for public use. At Govt. Camp. LS 60, US 64, TD 10, TW 2, CD 500, CW 7,500. At Timberline. LS 178, US 182, TD 10, TW 0, CD 3,000, CW 1,500.

Mt. Baker, Wash.: Snow is packed and heavy with sking good. Touring handicapped by poor visibility. Rofers' skis as trousers for women popular here. LS 100, TD 0, TW 3, CW 1,100.

Stevens Pass, Wash.: Excellent conditions. LS 140, TD 3, CW 3,500.

SKI TIP

by SEPP RUSCHP

President, Mt. Mansfield Co., Inc.

DEEP POWDER CAN MAKE SKIING TRICKY AND TIRING, BUT WITH THE RIGHT APPROACH YOU WILL DISCOVER IT'S ENJOYABLE GOING

No beginner should attempt deep-powder skiing. Turning in light powder, however, is no problem, even for the beginner. He merely makes his normal turn, remembering not to be disconcerted by the fact that he cannot always see his skis.

In heavy powder, the intermediate skier must sit back on his skis a little. He should stem the outside ski firmly and get all the way into the fall line before bringing the other ski parallel. The shoulder and body swing should be exaggerated to make up for the increased resistance of the snow.

The advanced skier can take heavy powder with the most enjoyment by using a parallel technique at a fairly high speed. I suggest parallel because slamming at higher speeds in heavy powder may cause skis to cross or split. The skier should keep his weight a little farther back than normal, exaggerate his shoulder swing and make a series of linked turns with a pronounced up-and-down motion of the whole body. Staying in the fall line will help you keep your speed. Linked turns give you more style and safety than intermittent

turns because you fall into a rhythm which makes turning easier.

Do not over-exaggerate your shoulder swing. Use more speed instead of more swing to overcome the increased resistance of deeper snow.

The trick in skidding deep powder is to bring your weight far enough back to keep the skis from diving. You can accomplish this by advancing one ski about six inches, keeping one knee just behind the other. Your skis will then be weighted to the rear, and they will plane smoothly in the snow.



SEPP RUSCHP



ON THE VERANDA OF SKY TAVERN AT MOUNT ROSE BOWL, SPECTATORS ARE SHELTERED FROM THE STRONG WIND DURING JUMPING EVENT

SNOW GAMBOL

**Thirty miles from Reno's gaming tables the ski is king in the carefree copers
and earnest competitions of the University of Nevada's Winter Carnival**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

To the great majority of skiers whose bright parkas and sweaters dot the snowy slopes each winter weekend from Maine to California, their sport is not the fiercely competitive test now taking place in Cortina (see page 20) but a manner of relaxation, of competition in the sun and the bright, invigorating air, in a casual and friendly atmosphere. Nowhere is this truer than in American colleges, for which the sport is tailor-made; and, inevitably, collegiate skiing has led to winter carnivals where, after the contests, song-fests and dancing, sociability and fun take over. Dartmouth in the East led the way, and after the war, with the great burlesquing of skiing as a sport in the U.S., resorts and carnivals blossomed out all over the West as well.

The University of Nevada's Winter Carnival, shown on

these pages, is not only the biggest and oldest in the Far West, but it is typical of the festive competitions now being held in increasing numbers from the Middle West to California's coastal range. To the snow-pillowed slopes of the Sierra Nevada, some 30 miles southeast of Reno, thousands of snow-sport enthusiasts flock each year. And though Reno, the seat of the university, is better known for its slot machines and roulette wheels, at carnival time it is the German band, the Sno-Ball with its presentation of trophies, the slalom and the downhill and the co-eds frolicking in the snow that hold the attention of the visitors. This year almost 150 skiers from more than a dozen different colleges showed up to make it the biggest celebration since the first Nevada Carnival was held 30 years ago.

FACING PAGE, TEAMS LINE UP AS NEVADA'S GERMAN BAND PLAYS NATIONAL ANTHEM





DOWNHILL DASH for men had drop of 2,500 feet along Fremont Trail, had a washboard spot near finish. Olympic Skier Marvin Melville won; Spence Eccles (18) was fifth



SLALOM SWIRL brings competitor through gate on southeast slope of Slide Mountain. Event for men drew 33 entries, was also won by Utah University's skilled Marvin Melville.

COLLAPSED COEDS rest after bike to finish line, Rail Alienburg inspects the pillow arrangements of Georgia Meyers (right), Margaret Stodleck (above), Janet Van Valey.





MUSIC REWARDED visitors to dock of Sky Tavern on side of Mount Rose. University of Nevada's German Band played throughout carnival, at parades, rallies, before and after races.

TROPHY AWARDED best outdoor decorations during carnival is presented to Dick Wiseman by Jane Garner. Her triplet sister Joan (left) watches with Jerry Munn, ski carnival chairman.





the car...the Jaguar XK-140 hardtop coupe . . . about to depart from the Plaza 'midst a modest cloud of admiring glances. For this version of the fabulous "XK" (there are three models) is considered by automotive aesthetes to be one of the all-time gems of motor car design. The XK-140 Hardtop is particularly favored by business and professional men who make a *pleasure* of the necessity of driving. Cozy, comfortable, luxuriously appointed . . . and, of course, pure JAGUAR in performance. With additional rear seating accommodation, priced at approximately \$8,000. Automatic transmission and white wall tires available at extra cost.

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Not every dog has his day
at the Westminster Kennel
Club Show, but all aim for

BLUES, CUPS AND GLORY

by ALICE HIGGINS



MRS. COREY'S FOUR CHAMPION GOLDEN RETRIEVERS PRACTICE SHOW STANCE AT HOME

THE CANIS FAMILIARIS, the domesticated dog, although almost infinitely varied in appearance because of geographical conditions, accidental mating and man's thoughtful guidance of his breeding, still retains the basic traits that have endeared him to the human throughout the millennium. No matter what his size or color, he has long been regarded as a friend, companion and valuable piece of property. Tobias, it is recorded, set out on his father's business accompanied by his dog and the angel Raphael. Ulysses, returning to Penelope after 10 years of high adventure, was recognized by Argus, his hunting dog, who then expired, overcome by joy and old age. The Irish in the first century gave spaniels as tribute to the king, and by that time the Romans had noted that certain types of dogs suited some purposes better than others and categorized them in groups that corresponded closely to those used in today's dog shows (SI, Feb. 14, 1955). Since then, the interest in, and indeed dedication to, perfecting a breed, in insuring the reproduction of certain desired characteristics generation after generation, has resulted in strict standards of judgment. It is the gathering of a number of highly bred dogs for comparison and rating according to these standards that is the modern dog show.

In the course of any single year over 700 licensed dog shows and some 675 sanctioned matches are held in America, a tribute to the enthusiasm of owners and the popularity of dogs. This week in New York's Madison Square Garden (Feb. 13-14), 2,561 of the nation's finest will gather for the climactic event of the canine year, the West-

minster Kennel Club's 80th Dog Show. Open only to blue-ribbon winners (except for puppies) the club, due to lack of space, annually turns back hundreds of entries; for although it is not the biggest show in the country it has never lost its reputation as the best.

Among the events seldom scheduled at other shows that help set the Westminster apart is the best-team-in-show award. Won last year by Mrs. Patricia G. Corey's golden retrievers (*above*), Ch. Candy, Ch. Fancy and Ch. Tahby of Goldenador and Ch. Lorelei's Sam, the dogs are the first of this breed to win this event at any show. All will be competing again this year in the class for individual champions as well as in the team event, for the capture of the best-team-in-show award is a coveted honor for the serious breeder. All four dogs must be owned by the same person and be as nearly identical as possible. The dogs, judged first as individuals against the breed standard, are then studied as a team for uniformity in looks and action; and understandably it is no small achievement for one owner to breed four dogs that are not only as similar but also as perfect as possible. Mrs. Corey started working toward this goal six years ago; settled by the lack of suitable retrievers for family hunting trips in Scotland, she began breeding her own. Choosing the golden retriever, a breed originating in Scotland around 1870 by crossing some Russian circus dogs and a bloodhound, she managed in a relatively short time to breed the four champions that won an impressive 200 ribbons in 16 months of showing.

Of the 112 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club, major-domo of

the dog show, 108 will be represented this year at the Westminster, some by sizable numbers, others by a lone delegate. The poodle, for the second year, has the greatest numerical strength, with 192 entered. Dachshunds are also coming in considerable force, as are collies and boxers; but a single coonhound, one giant schnauzer and a solitary Alaskan malamute are making unsupported appearances.

THE FIELD IS OPEN

Relatively few of last year's winners are returning to the scene of their triumphs. The dogs that earned the show's top trophies will be missing. Bulldog Ch. Kippax Fournought, who went best-in-show, is retired in California; and best-American-bred winner, boxer Ch. Barrage of Quality Hill, was not entered in time. But noteworthy contenders are certainly not lacking this year. In the terrier group, for example, Mrs. Robert B. Choate's Sealyham, Ch. Robin Hill Brigade, last year's breed and group winner, is returning to try for more laurels. Sealyhams, first bred by an English captain interested in a scrappy dog for hunting fox, badger and even polecats, are seldom used for their original purpose in this country, but their snowy coats and smart appearance have made them popular as pets and successful as show dogs.

A newcomer to the Westminster but no novice in the show ring is Mrs. Harold Florsheim's wire fox terrier, Ch. Travella Superman of Harham, winner of 20 best-in-show titles. Wire fox terriers, as a matter of fact, have won more best-in-shows at the Garden than any other breed (11 times since the honor was first bestowed in 1907), but

it is 10 years since they last captured the coveted award.

No member of the toy group has ever won best-in-show at the Westminster, but they are always in there trying. This year a small dog with a big reputation will try once more. Ch. Star Twilight of Chu-Mor, alltime Yorkshire terrier winner and recipient of last year's best-of-group title, is expected to provide quality competition. Owned by twin sisters, Mrs. L. S. Gordon Jr. and Miss Janet Bennett, the pink-rhomb-and-pearl-trimmed terrier could conceivably compete with Mrs. Bertha Smith's toy poodle, Ch. Wilber White Swan, winner of 15 best-in-show awards, or Mrs. Robert Levy's toy poodle, Ch. Blakely King Doodles, winner for the second time for the Ken-L-Ration Bench Award in the Southern Division with 39 toy group firsts.

The toys are not the only group without a Westminster best-in-show. A hound has yet to receive this honor, and tracking it with relentless purpose is Tom and Pearl Sheshan's bloodhound, Ch. Fancey Bombardier. Last year's second-place hound, Bombardier has since collared three best-in-shows.

Boxers have won more Westminster best-in-shows in the last decade than any other breed. Probably the most famous of these winners is Ch. Bang Away of Sirrah Crest, world record holder of 121 best-in-shows. Although not entered in this year's event, Bang Away will be in New York (along with almost 1,000 other dogs who come for the satellite canine activities that surround the Big Show) as guest of honor at several banquets, and will receive the "Ken-L-Ration Pacific Coast Division award for the third time from the hand of Dog Fancier Perle Mesta. Bang Away's daughter, Ch. Paroque of Quality Hill, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wagner, will be at heel to receive the Midwestern Division of the same award and then proceed into the competition of the Westminster.

It is not impossible that she will face Ch. Rock Falls Colonel, the English setter owned by Mr. and Mrs. William Holt (SI, Jan. 10, 1955), second only to Bang Away in number of show bests to his credit—109. The Colonel is coming out of a short-lived retirement for the show.

Until the final moment comes, however, even while the almost final choice is still circling the green matted ring, the experts can guess and the owners can dream, but no one can really know to which dog will go the supreme honor, to be acknowledged dog of the year in America's show of the year. **END**



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Modern basketball considers the 6-footer a relative midget, but 1956 could go down in history as the year of

THE LITTLE MEN

by ROY TERRELL

SHOULD the National Association of Basketball Coaches decide one day to emblazon a motto on its coat of arms, there will be little need to call upon the linguistic flair of such talented fraternity brothers as Ken Loeffler and Dr. Forrest C. Allen. Already available in a good, serviceable, solid phrase which has withstood the test of time and the rules committee: "A good big man," it goes, "is always better than a good little man."

It has a nice catchy sound and the coaches, ignoring ugly rumors that the expression originated not on the basketball court at all but in some dark and alien spot like the prize ring or the football stadium, have long since adopted it for their very own. But last week, as they have throughout a rather amazing season, a handful of good little men stuck out their jaws and dared anyone to stop them with a quotation—or anything else. They stormed across courts all over the country, setting up plays, stealing passes, scoring points, faking good big men onto the seats of their good big pants and—as a matter of record—winning a lot of hall games.

Not the least among these was a pixie-faced Wyoming guard with the pertinent name of Joe (The Jet) Capua. Popping away like a 5-foot-10 machine gun, Capua scored 51 points in a 93-69 victory over Montana, grabbed 11 rebounds and was personally responsible for three opponents occupying seats on the bench after they fouled out trying to guard him. The next night, just to prove his new Skyline Conference scoring record was no fluke, Capua tossed in 32 more against league-leading Utah, and Wyoming won again 59-54.

Captain, however, may not even be the best big little man in the conference. Across the mountains they have another candidate: Terrible Terry Tebbis, the 5-foot-8 magician from Brigham Young. A slender little guy with big hands and long arms, Tebbis has one of the most delicate shooting touches in basketball. Saturday night, as Brigham Young took over first place in the Skyline Conference with an 81-65 victory over Denver, Tebbis scored 32

points, kept his season average near 20 per game.

It was happening all over. A 5-foot-6 midget from Cornell named Chuck Rolles smashed every scoring record in sight by tossing in 42 points against Syracuse, brought his scoring average close to 23 per game, ranking him with much taller national leaders. His most dangerous Ivy League pursuer, Columbia's Chet Forte, is 5 feet 9 inches and the reason why the Lions remain undefeated league leaders. In the Midwest Robin Freeman (5 feet 11 inches) drove Indiana wild with his famed jump shot, scored 41 points in a 100-82 Ohio State victory, and ran his season average to 33.8, second (by three tenths of a point) in the entire nation. High-scoring Ed Harrison (5 feet 10 inches) led Richmond to its surprise victory in the Southern Conference over West Virginia; Pachin Vicens (5 feet 9 inches) sparked Kansas State into undisputed possession of the Big Seven lead; and Gary Thompson (5 feet 10 inches) was a major factor in putting Iowa State back into contention in the same conference race.

On the Pacific Coast there is George Selleck (5 foot 8 inches), Stanford's big hope to overtake UCLA; at North Carolina State, speedy Vic Molodet (5 feet 11 inches) frequently outdoes his 6-foot-8 All-America teammate.

Ron Shavlik; Xavier (Ohio) has phenomenal little Jimmy Boothe (5 feet 7 inches); once-beaten Temple's No. 1 point producer is Hal Lear (5 feet 11 inches); Bill Ridley (5 feet 9 inches) has helped Illinois to the Big Ten lead, and Joe Belmont (5 feet 11 inches) is one small but impressive reason Duke finished the week atop the tough Atlantic Coast Conference. None of this has led coaches to cancel the scholarship of even one 6-foot-7 forward, but many, for the first time in years, are admitting once again there is a place in basketball for the little man—if he is just good enough.

"You can have too many of 'em," grins Richmond's Les Hooker with a fond glance at Ed Harrison, "but a little man can be invaluable at times."

Midwest. Illinois solved a Minnesota net defense to win 90-84 and remain unbeaten in the Big Ten. Only threat to the Illini 5-0 record appeared to be pre-season favorite Iowa, 4-1 after a slow start. Kansas State won two games, scouted off alone for the Big Seven lead with a 5-1 record. The big night was Saturday when Kansas State beat Colorado 82-51 and Iowa State topped Kansas 78-63. Nationally ranked St. Louis improved its Missouri Valley Conference lead and made it six victories without a defeat in league play for coming from 13 points behind to beat Wichita 90-88, later leading past Tulsa 73-66. Among the independents, Dayton bounced back from its first defeat of the year at the hands of Ohio State by defeating Louisville to beat Toledo (Cincinnati) 75-57 and Loyola (New Orleans) 83-62; Little Rock came from a knockout from the unbeaten list in its 17th season as Adrian 82-77; Hubert Reed scored 90 and 33 points in two Oklahoma City University victories, and Cincinnati ran its record to 43-1 by taking St. John's of Brooklyn 83-78. St. George scored 37 points as Duquesne defeated the Quantico Marines 88-84.

South. Vanderbilt held on to its lead in the hot Southeastern Conference race with a 69-56 win over Georgia, but both Alabama and Kentucky remained close to the

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

[illegible]

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Listed in the Associated Press poll)
Team standing this week (franchise votes in parentheses)

| | Points |
|----------------------------|--------|
| 1—San Francisco (24) | 1,166 |
| 2—Boston (15) | 836 |
| 3—Vanderbilt (15) | 755 |
| 4—North Carolina State (4) | 746 |
| 5—Louisville (12) | 709 |
| 6—Illinois (1) | 567 |
| 7—Kentucky | 378 |
| 8—Duke (1) | 256 |
| 9—Temple | 226 |
| 10—Alabama (5) | 207 |

RUNNERS-UP: 11, St. Louis (2); 12, North Carolina (4); 13, Holy Cross (1); 14, Oklahoma City (3); 15, Southern Methodist (1); 16, ...

7-0 pace. Alabama was unbeaten in five conference games after stopping Georgia Tech 95-60, and once-beaten Kentucky also won over Tech 84-62 before squeaking past Auburn in a game that ended in a near riot. But Kentucky was another during the week which, although it didn't help in the conference standing, was pleasant to see on the record—a victory over Atlantic Coast Conference leader Duke. Bouncing back from the loss to the Wildcats, Duke outscored North Carolina's fine young team 64-59 and ended the week with a 7-1 league record. North Carolina was second at 4-2. West Virginia, despite its loss to Richmond, retained the Southern Conference lead by half a game over George Washington. Louisville, gunning for a post-season berth in the NIT, retained the No. 1 southern Independent (15-1) by beating Toledo 53-64 and beach title Kentucky Wesleyan 116-82.

Far West, San Francisco took San Jose State 67-40 before the largest crowd in Pacific Coast basketball history (14,297 at the Cow Palace) and then moved past Loyola of Los Angeles 85-46. The two victories left the Dons with a 16-0 record for the year and a consecutive winning streak of 42 games. In the Pacific Coast Conference, UCLA beat challenging Washington twice and beat even more easily when Southern California split two with Oregon, USC (6-2) and idle Stanford (6-2) were closest to the Uclans, unbeaten in six games. Utah's two startling losses to Colorado A&M and Wyoming sent Brigham Young into the Skyline Conference lead for the first time this season.

East, Columbia and Princeton came up to the big Ivy League test unbeaten. When it was over (Columbia 77, Princeton 69), the Lions could afford to relax behind a 5-0 record. Among the Independents, Temple was knocked from the unbeaten list by little Muhlenberg 67-66 after 13 straight wins and St. Francis of Brooklyn remained, with San Francisco, the only major undefeated team in the country by stopping St. Peter's of New Jersey and Creighton. Tom Heinsohn scored 35 points in three Holy Cross victories as the Crusaders set their record to 16-2 for the year.

Southwest. Southern Methodist became an almost shoo-in choice for the Southwest Conference championship by beating Arkansas in Fayetteville, 58-53. The game matched the only two unbeaten teams, each with a 5-0 record, and was a test between SMU's tight man-to-man defense and the effective zone of Arkansas. (E.N.D.)



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Bowling is a sport which has occupational ailments all its own. But split thumbs and sore backs couldn't slow down

THE BOOMING BUDS

by VICTOR KALMAN

SINCE small children and kindly ladies of 90 bowl regularly, it may seem ridiculous that five strapping members of the Budweiser team of St. Louis should have been suffering from painful injuries at the time of their momentous match last month with the Strohs of Detroit for the U.S. Match Game Championship. The fact is, however, that professional howlers often are called upon to roll far above and beyond the call of common sense, with the result that split thumbs are the rule rather than the exception and that assorted ailments like pulled tendons, sore muscles and strained backs are more numerous among bowlers than, say, baseball players, whose season is almost as long.

The professional howler participates in three to six leagues weekly. This means he must bowl at least nine to 18 games, plus practice and warmup games. Then he rolls in sweepstakes, in special matches for his sponsor, gives lessons during the day and, at least once a week, rolls for charity. During an exhibition the other night for the benefit of the New York Police Athletic League, Graz Castellano acknowledged that he had bowled 14 games that day and 18 the previous day and "maybe a dozen, maybe more" the day before that.

Little wonder, therefore, that when the Budweisers faced the Strohs on the weekend of January 14-15 in St. Louis for the first half of their 24-game, home-and-home match, young Dick Weber had a cracked thumb, former National Champion Don Carter was limping on a painful leg whose knee was swollen to twice its normal size, Claude (Pat) Patterson had been warned not to bowl because of a hernia condition, Billy Welu suffered from a sore arm as well as a bad back (he has been rolling all season against doctor's orders) and Ray Bluth could hardly lift his ball because of a shoulder injury.

The amazing thing was that the Buds not only beat the "invincible" Strohs, champions for three consecutive years and victors nine times since the Bowling Proprietors Association of

America inaugurated the event in 1934, but totaled a record-shattering 26,249 pins (1,093 average per game) to win by 747 pins. It was a tremendous triumph for Captain Jerome (Whitey) Harris, a sergeant in the St. Louis Police Dept., and for Manager J. F. McGuire, an executive of a Budweiser subsidiary company, who formed the team only 18 months ago. True, they had the brewery's money behind them—Budweiser is reported to have budgeted more than \$50,000 annually for the team—but money is not always enough. A championship team must have spirit, and the Budweisers have it. Throughout the first 12 games they danced, shouted and clapped each other on the back. The Strohs, on the other hand, sat mutely and stared at the alleys. At the conclusion of that Sunday night in St. Louis, the Budweisers had piled up an insurmountable lead of 965 pins.

The Strohs fought back fiercely during the weekend of January 21-22 in Detroit, averaging 1,106 per game, but managed to pick up only 218 pins. Weber averaged 224 for the match, Carter a shade under 224 (he turned in high score of 288 and high series of 746 on the final night), Patterson 220

and Welu and Bluth 212 apiece. Captain Buzz Fazio, who finished with series of 701, 712 and 743, led the losers with an overall average of 219.

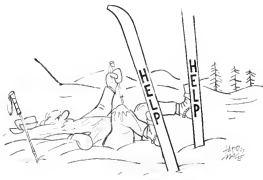
One of the unknown heroes of the Budweiser victory, even though he never got to see a game, was Pete Trynasty, a good-natured, happy-go-lucky bowling instructor of Seattle. Trynasty, you may recall, finished last in the All-Star tournament in Chicago in January, 1955, howling to the end despite a thumb that looked as if it had been through a wringer. When he finished, he remarked: "The most important thing in this game, after you're a 200-average man, is a thumb that won't split. I'm going to spend all year strengthening my thumb for the next All-Star."

THE LEATHER THUMB

This was good for a laugh at the time. Bowlers have been seeking ways to strengthen their thumbs for years. But Trynasty found a way. He returned to the All-Star in December with what he calls a "leather thumb." It is, simply, a leather covering for the thumb which is held in place by a wrist strap. And of all the howlers Trynasty showed it to, only one—Dick Weber—was desperate enough to try it. And he promptly jumped from the middle of the standings into fourth place.

Weber continued wearing the leather thumb when he returned to St. Louis. He credits it to his excellent showing in the Stroh match. He wore it, too, when the Buds recently rolled a fantastic 3,729 series—fourth highest in American Bowling Congress history. Weber helped that worthy cause with a perfect 300.

(END)



FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; SH—slightly high; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OVG—outlook very good

STEELHEAD: WASHINGTON: All rivers L, C and fishable, but extreme cold has kept fish and fishermen inactive except during warmer periods of day. Clatsop-Puget Sound area most productive, with Quinalt and Humptulce outstanding. Warm weather and light rain last Saturday should stir up some steelhead action along entire slope. Green and Skagit rivers getting heavy play, with 17-pounder best fish reported. Wynoochee and Joke rivers FG, OG. This week may be best of entire season, and best bets are Pasquap, Green, Skagit, Quinalt, Humptulce, Toutle and upper Cowlitz. Best lures are yarn, cherry bobbers, brass and bronze wobblers.

CALIFORNIA: Last week saw best fishing since December floods as bait and spinners produced steelhead to 16 pounds from Garcia, Guadalupe, Navarro, Big and Ten Mile rivers. San Joaquin of Eel was clearing at peak time and should be in top shape now. Upper Trinity clearing and falling from Douglas City north. Mill, Deer and Battle creeks still FG.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Mild weather reported at press time should freshen all Vancouver Island and lower mainland streams and improve fishing unless too heavy than brings floods. Best Island bets are Campbell, Puntledge, Nanaimo and Cowichan rivers. On mainland, Vedder River looks best, with some fish reported in Fraser River at Hope and in Thompson at Spence's Bridge.

OREGON: Sandy River near Portland L, C, FF/G for fish to 15 pounds, and OG. Most coastal streams L and C but water temperatures too low (to 34°) for good fishing and, OG until warmer weather.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: San Joaquin River was hot spot as sunny weather brought out party-boat fishermen last week. Frank's Resort on Bethel Island reports bass to 40 pounds; bank fishermen report FG along Three Mile Slough between Sacramento and San Joaquin and near Rio Vista Bridge. OVG on all fronts.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Santee-Cooper spy says FVG below Pinopolis Dam, but heavy rains are raising riverflows from record lows, and muddy conditions are expected.

WAHOO: BAHAMA ISLANDS: Harvest of a dozen wahoo weighed in at Nassau last week was 63-pounder entered in winter tournament by Mrs. F. Mildred Plaxson of Toronto. OG, V/G.

CHANNEL BASS: FLORIDA: Good catches of redfish are being taken from little creeks north of the Withlacoochee estuary; guides take anglers up creeks on high tide, fish pools two to three feet deep at low tide, then wait for next high tide to get out. Venice Inlet agent reports scattered redfish in 8-pound class in local bays.

LOUISIANA: In deeper channels and bays of the Pointe a la Pache, Delcambre, Enclave, Houdebe and Shell Beach areas, redfish favor shrimp bait but will strike at nylon feather jigs and small spoons.

NORTH CAROLINA: Poppy drum are plentiful in surf between Kitty Hawk and Ocracoke Island but fishing won't be good until late February or March.

TARPON: FLORIDA: Some 60- to 70-pounders are beginning to show in the Myakka River near coast. They'll take red and white jugs fished near surface. Smaller schools of fish under 10 pounds also reported near headwaters of river and will take large white bucktail fished on fly rod.

Time for another pair!

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HEART

THE PIONEERS!

continued from page 18

Pioneer Club was organized... to work toward better racial understanding through the medium of education and athletics."

A bland-faced man of 43, with a friendly smile, great reticence and reserve and a gentle humor, Yancey was never much of an athlete at Saratoga (N.Y.) High School or at Virginia State College, but he liked sports. After graduation, when he settled in New York and began working in his father's undertaking establishment, he joined the old, all-Negro Mercury AC. The Mercury began going downhill when it mixed social activities with athletics. Yancey resigned and helped start the Pioneer Club, which would be devoted exclusively to athletics.

In the beginning his club had an all-Negro roster. Then some Jewish athletes, barred from membership in other New York track clubs, asked to join. This brought Yancey to an active, rather than an academic, realization of the fact that there are other forms of discrimination than those suffered by his race, and he immediately broadened his club's original concept. He found to his delight that many boys who were eligible for membership in other athletic clubs were seeking out the PC because they, too, believed in what it stood for, and he soon found himself coaching a truly dedicated squad of

athletes who never had to be egged on to great performances.

The club is frequently called the "Sidewalks of New York AC," and it is true that most of its members are drawn from the teeming street corners of the five boroughs. But not all. Lou Jones, who set a new world 400-meter record in the last Pan-American Games, comes from New Rochelle. Reggie Poorman, the great quarter- and half-miler, used to spend four hours a night, as a Long Island high schooler, traveling to and from the 369th AAA Armory in Harlem to join the club's indoor training sessions, which begin at 10:30 in the evening after the 369th has finished drilling. Andy Stanfield, who won the 200 meters at the 1952 Olympics, commutes to New Jersey after a session at McCombs Dam Park in The Bronx, the Pioneers' outdoor training field. And foreign athletes—from British Guiana, Switzerland, Ireland, Italy, Turkey, Venezuela, France, England, Puerto Rico and the Scandinavian countries—often join the PC while working or studying in this country.

Yancey coached the Pioneers to their first national indoor championship in 1951 and last spring the Pioneers won the Metropolitan AAU outdoor title, defeating the New York AC, which had previously held the title for 36 consecutive years. At Boulder, Col. last summer the Pioneers finished third in the national outdoors, even though the club could only raise the money to



"Can't always be lucky, I guess. One day last week I saw three go head over heels."

send 11 of its 37-man first team to the meet. But Yancey's greatest coaching feat was his achievement in the 1952 Olympics, when he accepted an invitation to coach the Jamaica, B.W.I. squad and made an astounding showing in the track and field section of the Games with only a five-man team, composed of George Rhoden, Les Laing, Herb McKenley, Arthur Wint and Lloyd LaBeach. These five won five Olympic medals, and the first four set a 3:03.9 world record in the 1,600-meter relay.

Brutus Hamilton, coach of the U.S. track team, called it "the greatest Olympic coaching job I've ever seen." When Yancey met his team at Helsinki only one month before the Games began the boys were way out of shape. When it was all over, one observer said Rhoden practically cried as he told him what Yancey had done for them. Wint, he reported, could barely run 800 meters at the beginning, but Yancey got him up to take second in the finals. McKenley couldn't break 47 when he reached Helsinki, but he did an astounding 44.6 in the relay.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

What turned the trick was the same coaching technique Joe uses with the Pioneers. Like most coaches, he uses under-and-over-the-distance running, which involves races at distances other than the runner's specialty. Yancey, unlike some European coaches who have their men run all-out in practice, puts a leash on his men and keeps them running within themselves at all times except during actual competition. The only thing he abhors more than an exhausted runner is a tense runner. Consequently, he devotes as much attention to his squad's mental attitude as he does to their physical condition. He is careful never to humiliate a runner by overmatching him. Yancey handicaps every inter-squad training spurt as carefully as if he were passing out official handicaps at a scheduled meet. His ultimate goal is to send his man to the starting line "physically loose and relaxed, mentally alert and with a little something to spare when he has to move out of his backstretch float into his kick."

As a coach, Yancey is almost naively idealistic and intensely religious. His mild manner is deceptive. If he thinks one of his boys has been given a bad decision he can erupt with impressive violence. Dan Ferris, secretary of the AAU, says, "Joe can get pretty lippy then. Some officials have complained but I don't agree with them. I think it's his job to fight for his boys."

Yancey's devotion to the Pioneers is in a real sense an awesome thing. He has had virtually no time off since he began working with the club in 1936. On a typical day Yancey puts in a full day as a field man for the Internal Revenue department, dashes home, gulps his dinner and dashes off to practice. After practice he usually attends a meeting connected with the club. When he does get home, likely as not, one of the boys will be waiting for him with some girl or parent or school problem for him to straighten out. In his spare time he tries to raise money for the club, checks on the high school kids' grades, fills out entry blanks and handles all the other chores connected with running an organization.

"Joe contributes \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year to the club," reports his wife, Josephine. "I know that he's even borrowed money to help send the team to an important meet. He hasn't a dime. And we've three young daughters who have to be educated. I'd like to live in a house some day, but what's he to do? The club is important and I know it. Joe keeps saying, 'Just one more year and maybe we can find someone or some foundation to sponsor us.' And now Joe has to raise money to send the team to California for the AAU championships and the Olympic tryouts."

For all of the Pioneers' success, Yancey is most proud of a race they never won. That was in 1948 and cost the Pioneers their first AAU indoor victory over the NYAC. "Roscoe Browne was our anchor man in the mile relay," Yancey recalls, "and coming off the Ninth Avenue turn, right at Pioneer Corner, the Seton Hall man went a little wide. Roscoe could have gone through the hole, but of course there was a possibility he might foul the Seton Hall runner. So Roscoe went outside and placed second in a photo finish. We lost the title to the NYAC by a point. Roscoe knew how close the score was that night but he had the courage to make the right decision. When your kids begin behaving that way they're not kids any more, they're men."

There seems to be little doubt that Yancey's idealism, as well as his track tutoring, has left its mark on every boy who has ever worn a Pioneer Club shirt. As Peareman says, "Working under Joe, I've often been reminded of the young men of ancient Athens who took an oath to make the world a better place to live in and never do anything to disgrace themselves or their city. We don't take oaths, of course, but it's the same idea."

END

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Every Page

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is terrific. I enjoy every page, including the 19th Hole. It appears in a profession of this kind one can't get away, so I have my sporting entertainment here in my office.

Dr. Daniel G. Nein
Saco, Maine

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THE BLUNT TRUTH

Sirs: Your issue of February 6 has really done it. From cover to cover, you have performed a service in telling us what sports are all about. The article about Avery Brundage was the spearhead. No half-baked excuses for Russian victories. No accusations of bad faith. Just the blunt truth that the Russians are moving into the world's sport picture on a platform of old American traits—hard work, self-sacrifice, and more hard work.

Sure, their motives stink—but let's not change our motives to match theirs. Let's match their virtues of selfless dedication. And if we don't win, we'll have done our best—and that's a pretty fine goal, too, harkened at it may sound.

When SI first appeared on the scene, I thought I had never seen a weaker mish-mash of warmed-over sports reporting in my life. I was wrong.

When you ran your first courageous article on the nefarious Jim Norris, I realized that this was a magazine that could serve a true function for both the world of sports and the world, period.

Forgive my early impatience. You're doing nobly.

DAVID B. MCCALL

New York

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Sirs:

This is my 53rd year of competition in amateur sports. During that time I have never known a more maligned, efficient, honorable and distinguished gentleman in sports than Mr. Brundage.

Like ex-President Hoover, he has lived long enough to show up the muckrakers. Thanks!

HOBLEY HAGEN

Scranton, Pa.

HE HAS PRESERVED TRUE SPORT

Sirs:

Thank heaven a man of honor and integrity—Mr. Avery Brundage (SI, Jan. 30 and Feb. 6)—is chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee and president of the International Olympic Committee.

For several years this fine man has been

unjustly maligned by those who have been masquerading as sportswriters.

The American people should be thankful that Mr. Brundage—a truly principled man—is representing our country and our athletes. He has helped to preserve the only true sport—amateur sport—and he has kept it free of dumpings, parlays, odds, point-spreads, quinellas, buildups, the fix, phony scholarships, point-shaving and razor blade commercials.

There are, I suppose, a few ignoramus-es, by-lined on the sports pages, who probably would like to see the U.S. Olympic Committee's activities promoted by the International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, president; Al Weill, vice-president; and Frank Carbo, treasurer.

JOHN R. KANE

New York

THANK YOU MR. BRUNDAGE

Sirs:

The cause of furthering amateur sport is so worthy, in my opinion, that Mr. Brundage demands admiration and thanks from all who are proud of being amateurs. I wish that we, who take this pride, would contribute as much as a fraction of what Avery Brundage has to amateur sport.

TOM H. S. BROWN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

REMEMBER?

Sirs:

I take exception to Avery Brundage's statement that "sports caught the imagination of the students, the educator frowned on it." He also states that outsiders—not educators—were in charge of sports. He is mistaken.

Dr. Joseph Edward Raycroft came to Princeton from Chicago in 1911. He was the head of the new physical education department. During his 25-year tenure of office in that capacity he put especial emphasis on sports for all through intramural sports. At the time of his retirement in 1936 about 90% of the undergraduate body was engaged in some type of sport, including those physically handicapped.

Mr. Brundage should know these facts, having been associated with the doctor for

some years in the American Olympic Association. There is a sports library in the Dillon Gymnasium at Princeton, containing over 1,500 volumes on the history of sport and on medicine. It was given to Princeton by Dr. Raycroft—the result of his collecting from his undergraduate days until he died.

Dr. Raycroft was no exception. Mr. Fred Marvel of Brown University, Anderson of Yale University and many others in the field of physical education were well-educated men who balanced sports and studies to a nicety. Remember? "Good grades or you can't play on the team."

This isn't very well written, but I am mad.

MYLA RAYCROFT HANSEN
Princeton, N.J.

● Avery Brundage made the point that commercialism and professional leadership, so marked in today's big-time college sports, are a result of the indifference of educators in the early part of the century to amateur athletics. Most certainly there were exceptions, and able men such as Dr. Raycroft were encouraged to pioneer amateur athletic programs. But academic circles as a whole remained indifferent and even hostile to college athletics until they had to face them as a "problem."—ED.

NEXT STOP MELBOURNE

Sirs:

I have been waiting ever since I first started reading SI for your coverage of the Olympics and it was worth it! I hope the Summer Games are as well covered.

BARRY TRUAX

Baltimore

● We're in training now and November '56 will see us ready.—ED.

CORTINA IN CANADA

Sirs:

SEND ME CONGRATULATIONS ON BEAUTIFUL COLORFUL OLYMPICS ISSUE.

GEORGE A. FUSEY

Jasper, Quebec

continued on next page

MR. CAPER



WHERE ARE SKATERS OF YESTERYEAR?

Sirs:

Tut, tut, Sir. Be realistic.

Those Soviet skaters (Olympic Preview, Jan. 30) are good for the same reason that our football players are good: they are hand-picked, subsidized, pushed hard and (perhaps most important) full of personal enthusiasm.

You should instead wonder what's happened to our own speed skaters. Thirty and 40 years back hamlets like Saranac Lake could produce the best in the world. And study a photo of one of them, like Ed Lamy in 1910 bulging of thigh and hamlet of chest, able and willing to skate till the ice went out and always something left for a sprint to take a lap prize. But where are the Lams and Sheas and Jaffees of yesteryear?

DANIEL D. MACMASTERS

Los Angeles



SPEED SKATER ED LAMY

HEROES AND VILLAINS

Sirs:

We who love boxing cannot begin to express our appreciation for your campaign to clean up the existent and deplorable state that this sport has fallen into. I particularly agree with your E & D box of the January 30 issue about the tactics of Sandy Saddler. This disgrace to the United States of America should be barred from ever entering a ring to compete in a boxing match. Mrs. Elorde need have no fear that her husband's conduct in the ring that night brought dishonor to her country. On the contrary, we in the U.S. owe her and her husband our humble apologies.

I love SI, and read it from cover to cover—but only after my two teenage sons are finished with it.

JOHN PUGH

Covington, Texas

THE DEFT ART, THE HERCULEAN SPORT

Sirs:

After reading your CONVERSATION PRIZE on Rocky Marciano (SI, Jan. 29), I was struck that we are blessed indeed to have him as the world's heavyweight champion.

Many people shudder at the word "boxing," "punching," or "pugilism." Such

words can connote the heartickness that often follows watching the pummeling of a human body until it lies broken, bleeding and unconscious on a white mat while thousands cheer and stamp their feet in approval. Some people feel it to be modern man's way of keeping alive that brutal urge which filled the Colosseum in ancient Rome.

Rocky Marciano, it seems to me, disproves this. His sport has had and is having its ignominious moments and happenings. But Marciano, Christian and honest, people man that he is, finds it easier to be just himself. And this easiness gives the whole world a source of inspiration and a fresher outlook on his virile profession, his deft art, his Herculean sport.

WILLIAM R. HARPER JR.

Chicago

A DIFFERENT SLANT

Sirs:

I enjoyed tremendously a recent piece on Marciano by Joan Flynn Dreyfus.

That kind of copy makes your magazine worthwhile and I want to take time out from a busy job to let you know that the story was strongly major league. Somehow just reading that piece gives this corner a different slant on the boxing business. While there's a Marciano around to help the game it still has a chance.

JACK CHARLAT
Sports EditorThe Tribune
Tulsa, Okla.

CONVERSATION PRIZE

Sirs:

The Rocky Marciano CONVERSATION PRIZE is just that: a conversation piece. Joan Flynn Dreyfus made this article truly readable—it was simple, human and honest. I especially enjoyed Rocky's mother's talk about her son. I found it extremely touching in its heartwarming simplicity and understanding.

FLORENCE MANNING

Brooklyn

THE BASIC TWO-MAN GAME

Sirs:

Paul O'Neil, in writing on Floyd Patterson (SI, Jan. 30), has fashioned the finest descriptive sports passage I have ever read. The sentence beginning, "The platform, at the moment, is a lackadaisically furnished bachelor den in Brooklyn's rugged Bedford-Stuyvesant section, just a few hazy dreams away from riches and world fame . . ." is so thrilling as to make this old fiction purveyor wonder what O'Neil does when he is not writing such occasionally splendid articles.

Patterson is the most exciting fighter since the young Dempsey. He was star-marked from the beginning to anyone who saw his catlike grace, his ability to punch and his response to being punched. But as O'Neil says, "the road to championship is bordered by quiescence." It is a splendid thing that Mr. Charles Schwefel, according to the article, is widening the shoulders of that road. To him should go the undying thanks of all of us who think that boxing must survive as the basic two-man game.

BILL COX

N. Hollywood, Calif.

● What Associate Editor Paul O'Neil does when not writing depends upon the season of the year: he either fishes

for trout or thinks about fishing for trout.—ED.

THE NEXT CHAMPION FOR SURE

Sirs:

I have just finished reading that great article on the most heavyweight champion, Floyd Patterson. I not only read it over again and enjoyed it just as much, but now I am sure as ever that Floyd definitely will be the next heavy-weight champ. I think in another year or maybe a little longer, Floyd will be able to fully cope with Rocky. But D'Amato should take it easy and wait till Patterson gets well over the heavy-weight mark, and I mean solidly proportioned weight, before rushing him with Rocky.

PAUL SATLOW

Brooklyn

WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR

Sirs:

I'm one of Patterson's fans. I've seen him fight several times and he is terrific. He might be the next champion but he won't win the title from Rocky Marciano this year.

Let him try a few of the top boys like Valdes, Baker or Jackson.

BILLY BLACKWELL

University, Ala.

CREAM, PLEASE

Sirs:

Meet the Next Heavyweight Champion of the World—phooie! Patterson had better wait about five years before he gets fancy with Rocky Marciano! I'd love to see Marciano "cream" Patterson!

STAN MASTERSON

Tallahassee, Fla.

FOX AND MUSKRAT

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading so very much *Learning from the Fox* (SI, Dec. 19). I wish to thank you and your staff members. As a boy in Ohio I spent many happy nights by the fire on a distant hill, listening to the sweetest music this side of heaven, the hounds chasing the fox. In this article the author brought forth all the sly tricks of brother fox.

I most earnestly disapprove, however, that several churches around our great land have fox hunts to raise funds. The fox is cruel by many men on horses or otherwise and the fox is not even given a sporting chance for his life. It is often unnecessarily killed. I received my greatest thrill in the chase, not the kill.

The second article, *The Muskrat: Legend of the Marshes* (SI, Jan. 29), was very interesting. I trapped many muskrats as a boy. The muskrat will chew his foot off, in the event one is lucky enough to catch him in a trap, and escape. The only way this can be prevented is to stake the trap out in the water so the muskrat will drown, although this method decreases the value of his pelt immensely.

Thank you once again for some mighty interesting reading.

ALTON H. RADFORD

Washington, D.C.

● SI will continue its series of Dr. Long's never-before-published wildlife stories, which it considers the literary find of 1936.—ED.

BATTLE OF THE TITANS (CONT.)

Sirs:

In answer to Don Sherman's letter (19TH HOLE, Jan. 23) belittling the Oklahoma football team I would like to comment:

On January 2 the Oklahoma Sooners met a very fine team in the University of Maryland, but they managed to edge them out by 14 meekly points. Meantime the once-beaten "magical" Spartans were beating a once-beaten UCLA team on a field goal in the last few seconds of the game. The hero of the game, Dave Kaiser, forgot his contact lenses when he went into the game to boot the field goal. It looks to me like Lady Luck was with Michigan State on that day. I can agree with Mr. Sherman on one point—the two teams do not belong on the same football field because the Spartans would have dust flying in their faces all day from the Sooners' heels.

DON RUPERTO

Oklahoma City

● Forty-seven other loyal Sooners rose, pen in hand, to defend their football team. Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State's football coach, says that short-sighted Dave Kaiser, who kicked that 41-yard field goal to win the Rose Bowl for Michigan, left his contact lenses behind intentionally when he left the bench for immortality. "He could see well enough without them to make out the goalposts." Daugherty says, "and when you kick you look at the ball anyway. Dave is nearsighted and could see the ball fine."—ED.

BUILDING CHARACTER IN OKLAHOMA

Sirs:

Your "Rose Bowl" of Wrestling picture story (SI, Jan. 16) is very good as far as it goes. However, calling the minor league Pennsylvania meet a Rose Bowl is about comparable to a story of last fall's World's Series without mentioning Johnny Podres.

Have you ever heard of the wrestling Oklahoma Aggies? All they have done is win the NCAA championship something like 20 or 21 times out of the 28 or 29 times it has been held.

Last year when these two teams wrestled in Stillwater, Okla., more than 8,000 persons attended, a record for a college wrestling match.

However, thanks a lot for the mention of college wrestling in your excellent magazine. It is the greatest character builder among collegiate sports.

DAWSON (TACK) NAIL

Arlington, Va.

● Have we heard of the wrestling Aggies? Why last year Martin Kane (The Amateur Don't Grow, SI, April 18) said: "Oklahoma A&M is to wrestling what Notre Dame is to football. The Aggies won their 18th team title in 25 years at the National Collegiate Athletic championships held last month at Cornell."—ED.

MY AUNT LENA'S SKATES

Sirs:

In glancing through SI, Jan. 16, the picture of the turn-of-the-century skate caught my eye.

My maternal Aunt Lena bought me the

only ice skates I ever owned for a Christmas present, about 1910 would be my guess. They are hanging out in the garage now, a bit rusty, but even today the tempo of my heart beat is stepped up a bit when I happen to notice them. Yes, we did have quite a time holding them on, straps, clamps and so on, and, by the way, we sharpened them ourselves too. Mine were clubs. Some of the boys had bears, diamonds and spades, each made by the same manufacturer probably, but I always thought the clubs were the best.

GEORGE S. PUEH

Kansas City, Mo.

SLOW DEATH

Sirs:

Regarding Roger S. Phillips' letter about hockey's longest sudden death playoff (19TH HOLE, Jan. 30), the longest one on record was played in Montreal, March 24, 1936 between the Detroit Red Wings and the Montreal Maroons with the winning goal being scored after 116 minutes and 50 seconds of overtime play. The goal was scored by Mud Brunetian on a pass from Her Kilrea at 16:30 of the sixth overtime period. It was 2:25 a.m. when the game ended, final score 1-0.

A. FORSTN

Montreal

● Mr. Phillips was concerned with amateur hockey. The Harvard-Princeton game of January 24, 1914 is the longest collegiate hockey game.—ED.

THE FLYING DR. MOORE

Sirs:

I have just read your PAT ON THE BACK to Mr. Hermann Geiger (SI, Jan. 23). I think you might be interested in another

man who has made some very high altitude landings in his Piper Super Cub.

Dr. Terris Moore, while president of the University of Alaska, modified the unique type of landing gear which is shown on Mr. Geiger's plane. In the summer of 1953 Dr. Moore flew men, supplies and equipment from nearby airfields at altitudes less than 1,000 feet to the Mt. Wrangell research project in Alaska. I do not know if he landed at altitudes higher than Mr. Geiger's 13,600 feet, but I feel fairly certain that Dr. Moore's landings were near the summit of the mountain.

Once during the winter of 1952-53 Dr. Moore flew to the wreckage of an Air Force Globemaster to determine if there were any survivors. This flight of his involved landing at a fairly high altitude in very cold and inclement weather. In fact, the Air Force's own Tenth Air Rescue Squadron, stationed in Alaska, was unable to get to the wreckage and land there with any of their diversified equipment. Unfortunately there were no survivors from the Globemaster crash, but Dr. Moore's efforts were, nonetheless, remarkable.

I do not in any way wish to detract from Mr. Geiger's heroic work, but I did think that you would be interested in Dr. Moore's feat's also.

CHARLES E. BEHLKE

Mountain View, Calif.

● Dr. Moore, now professor of business administration at Colby College, Maine, has flown as a hobby since 1929. While president of the University of Alaska he repeatedly ferried scientists on a cosmic ray research study to and from their station 13,800 feet up Mt. Wrangell, a difficult and hazardous operation.—ED.



PAT ON THE BACK




JOE SCHWARTZ

EDGAR H. HUDGINS

Five years ago Edgar H. Hudgins, a cattle rancher in Hungerford, Texas, decided to do something about the appalling number of birds which escape after being wounded by hunters. Since then, Hudgins and his five boys have captured and saved more than 300 geese. On a typical day last month, after Bobby and Bill, the 8-year-old twins, had happily chased and caught four wounded geese on a nearby lake, they watched their father and Warden Tom Waddell

inspect the birds, splint the wing of one, pour a vitamin concentrate down the throat of another, remove a couple of shot from a festering belly wound on a third and patch up a shattered leg on a fourth. The geese then were put in a pen in the front yard where they were treated and fed until well enough to return to the wilds. "It's a fine thing for the boys," says Hudgins. "They learn that in addition to taking life, it is sometimes within their power to save it."



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